50 CENTS
ICD

DECEMBER 12, 1967

hat Republicans Can
Conservatives Support?
by FRANK S. MEYER

NATIONAL REVIEW

"I didn't say that I didn't say it. I said that I didn't say that I said it. I want to make that very clear."

What bout eorge Romney?

ames Jackson Kilpatrick

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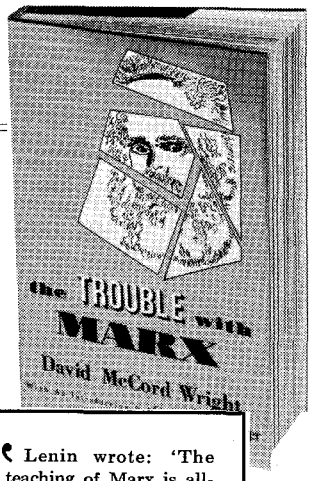
It is a puzzling phenomenon that Marx—a charlatan—should have conquered a century's intellectuals. How did it happen? There is no quick answer, but the renowned free-market economist, David McCord Wright, takes us a long way toward understanding in this plain-language book.



the trouble with Marx

by David McCord Wright

Introduction by Gottfried Haberler. Includes Biographical Sketches of Marx, Engels, Lenin.

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"Lenin wrote: 'The teaching of Marx is all-powerful because it is true.' Behind the Communist movement lies this honest belief. But though honestly held in many cases, the belief is not true. *It is scientifically false.* That is the point this book wishes to make. If we spend all our time in moral indignation of Marxist tactics we fail to make our strongest point, which is that the basic Marxist analysis is intellectual hokum."
—David McCord Wright

"This is a very well written book. The analysis is rigorous but avoids unnecessary jargon. The criticism of Marxist doctrine is severe and incisive, but the tone is dignified and moderate."
—Gottfried Haberler

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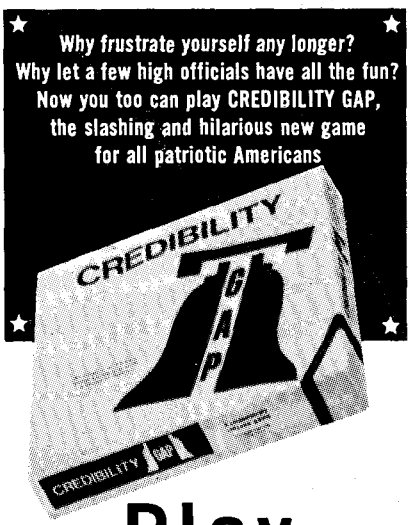
IN • THIS • ISSUE

➔ We give you, for richer for poorer, till 1968 us do part, the One and Only George Romney: his ancestry, birth, youth, training, travels, missions, careers, gestures, and beliefs, all set forth in the euphonious language of **James Jackson Kilpatrick,** who traveled all the way to Michigan and then some. Kilpatrick, the nationally syndicated columnist, comes to the conclusion that Romney is not politically dead after all. For one thing, he knows how to work hard and he never turns away from a fight. Sobering news indeed. . . . Did you have a nice Thanksgiving? Then onward to Christmas! **Nika Standen Hazelton** remembers celebrating Christmas aboard a Norwegian vessel standing off the North Cape one year, and caps her yarn with recipes for cookies that are absolutely guaranteed to crumble properly. . . . And **Anthony Lejeune,** from London, submits a bitter description of the events leading up to the devaluation of sterling, and bets that there's more to come.

➔ **Frank S. Meyer** would fain remind conservatives that their principal business is to pickle American life in good conservative brine; and the temptation to support an epicene Republican should be resisted at all costs. . . . The 50th anniversary of the Bolshevik coup has come and gone, with all due socialist ballyhoo. But, **James Burnham** notes, the caper didn't quite come off. Soviet life is drab and grey, a parade is a parade, and the West stole the headlines with spectacular astronautical gewgaws. All in all, Moscow has precious little to show for fifty years of "social progress." . . . **Russell Kirk** points out that college students, being a migratory bird, do not have the institutional permanence required to administer their colleges. "Student power," if it is to be wielded, could better be aimed at demands for quality, honesty, solid curricula, smaller classes, essay-type exams, good libraries—in short, the students should rebel against pseudo-education.

➔ **Frank J. Johnson** has high praise for a new book by William R. Kintner, *Peace and the Strategy Conflict,* in which Prof. Kintner deals coolly with the contending schools of strategy. Kintner, of course, is Deputy Director of the Foreign Policy Research Institute at the University of Pennsylvania; Johnson is Foreign Editor of "Washington Report," the authoritative newsletter put out by the American Security Council. . . . James Burnham is duly impressed with the theories enunciated in *Report from Iron Mountain* and doesn't mind if the book is a hoax. The central idea is that war is the necessary condition of modern society in the absence of substitutes. Interesting that the quasi-Left should produce a thesis so similar to the fundamental assumptions of the "revisionist" historians of the proto-anarchist Right. . . . **Guy Davenport** deeply appreciates Parker Tyler's book about the great artist Pavel Tchelitchew, whose paintings have been known as masterpieces, strangely, to the Masses and the Cognoscenti but not to the critic crowd. Davenport, by the way, recently won the Oscar Blumenthal/Charles Leviton Prize for Poetry for 1967, for verses published last August in *Poetry* Magazine. . . . Randolph Churchill's mountainous compilations about father Winston inspire admiration and, in Sir **Shane Leslie,** tender memories. . . . **"Christopher Nichols"** would lose his job as drama critic for a major magazine if it ever became known he went slumming with the likes of little old us. ➔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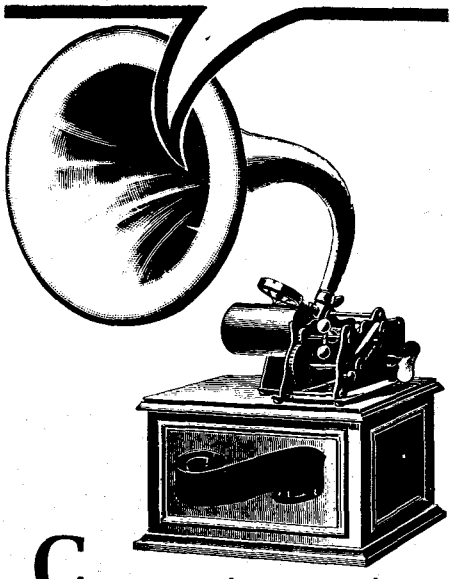

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LETTERS

Crisis Seven

Thank you for your extremely well-written and highly informative cover story on Richard Nixon [Nov. 14]. Mr. Kilpatrick should take a bow for his refreshingly two-sided presentation of Mr. Nixon's assets and liabilities, and your magazine for having the public sense to publish it.

Abilene, Tex. JOHN C. BERLIN

James J. Kilpatrick's stunning article on Richard M. Nixon had only one flaw: Mr. Kilpatrick failed to indicate *how many* of the 47 seats Republicans gained in the House of Representatives in 1966 were due to Mr. Nixon's indefatigable efforts. My hunch is virtually all of them.

This amazing rebound on the part of a party that was considered all but dead and buried just three years ago stands as a living tribute to the GOP's new "Mr. Republican."

Arlington, Va. JOHN R. MOREAU

Russia's Economy

Re: Roger Freeman's rebuttal to Eugene Lyons' refutations [*NR* Sept. 5] of the former's article concerning Soviet economy [*NR* March 7] the question is raised, "How could a centrally planned, bureaucratically wasteful Communist society, which has no entrepreneurs, practices egalitarianism and provides few if any material incentives, grow economically as fast as a capitalist country? How could it grow even faster?"

Honestly now! Soviet economy is propped up with trade and long-term credits by the free world. None of this helps the Russian people *per se*, but strengthens the hold of those in ill-gotten authority who are then free to concentrate their resources on the far-flung battlements unrelentingly raised against dupes who extend the helping hand.

If the anonymous cartographers of our foreign policy (it is foreign to what America *should* stand for) are not brought to heel, we had all best learn to count rubles—assuming that we would be allowed to earn or retain any, or even be around to collect them.

San Diego, Cal. MRS. FRAN WOSIKA

Macaulay's Prophecy

Russell Kirk's account of wholesale book-burning in the U.S.A. was astounding [Oct. 17]. Among the casualties to the incendiary wrath of the "so-called intellectuals," Mr. Kirk mentions Macaulay's *History of England*. In regard to the future of this country, Macaulay wrote to a friend in 1857: ". . . there will be spoliation, I fear. The spoliation will increase the distress; the distress will produce fresh spoliation. There is nothing to stop you; your constitution is all sail and no anchor. Either civilization or liberty will perish. Either some Caesar or Napoleon will seize the reins of government with a strong hand, or your republic will be as fearfully plundered and laid waste by barbarians in the twentieth century as the Roman Empire was in the fifth."

Rehoboth, Del. MARILYN CROOK VERNON

Tolkien's Fans

I enjoyed the Tolkien review by Jared Lobdell greatly [Sept. 5]. Strange as it may seem, the liberals have really taken out after *The Lord of the Rings*. The *Nation* made a solid connection between C. S. Lewis and Tolkien, deploring both because of the absolute conflict between good and evil that both portray. I have read *TLOTR* about fifteen times, joined Dick Plotz's Tolkien Society and given away about twenty sets. I do not, however, try to project the Middle Earth conflict into my daily activities.

Saigon CPT. JOHN B. FORREST JR.

Bless Jere Lobdell!

I have read, yes, and re-read Tolkien's inspired tale of hobbits, wizards, and monsters too loathsome to describe. These three volumes (I except the first one, *The Hobbit*) are masterworks of imaginative fiction. But if these volumes are selling as Mr. Lobdell seems to indicate, the whole thing is being kept very quiet. Someone told me, without knowing that I was so fond of the volumes, that they were beloved of the hippies. But I am no hippie, at least I don't think I'm a hippie.

Perhaps the cult of Tolkien is a sort of Ketman—a society of those who suffer through the tyrannies of their masters, obeying their commands, making all those necessary obeisances, but secretly knowing that in the end they will conquer.

St. Petersburg, Fla. ROBERT J. NEEDLES M.D.

Dope or Drug?

I have noticed that you made a mistake that has appeared in dozens of newspapers and magazines. Recently you incorrectly called marijuana dope. It is not dope but a hallucinogen drug. It is not habit-forming as narcotics are. The President's panel on Narcotics and Drugs has suggested that marijuana be taken off the government's list of narcotics and be

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listed as a hallucinogen drug. It's only a small thing but it clouds the issue of legalization of marijuana.

New York, N.Y. THOMAS DEPUTLSKI

Great Society Wages

Case in point regarding the $1.40 minimum wage. Prior to the wage hike, civilians employed on military installations across the country received between $1.00 and $1.25 per hour for such work as pumping gas, waiting tables, washing dishes or as sales help in base exchanges, service stations, restaurants and clubs. Many of them worked sixty to eighty hours a week to secure a decent weekly salary. With the advent of wage equality, the Defense Department has decreed forty hours a week the maximum anyone on an hourly wage will work. Result: those who are able find other work. Those who are not, find the Great Society a luxury they can ill afford . . . especially on $66 a week, before taxes. (If you print this letter please withhold my name. Our leader has a long arm and a short temper.)

Carswell AFB, Tex. NAME WITHHELD

Leasing Public Lands

One of our members had handed us Page 873 from your August 8 issue. We are disturbed to note, as our member has been, that you are carrying an advertisement for Public Lands Leasing, Inc. whereby they are offering to enter individuals in Department of Interior drawings for $25.

Actually, they are offering no one any service or information that is not available through public sources, and it is especially disturbing to see that they have made the statement "—could net you a government oil and gas lease good for immediate profitable resale to an oil company." This statement can in no way be fully supported by the facts. Many persons who are "lucky" and have their names drawn for one of these leases find that there is no ready buyer and in many instances are required to made additional investment of annual rentals before they can sell the lease, if ever.

Fort Worth, Tex. C. D. FLEET JR.
American Association of
Petroleum Landmen

Who or Whom?

Reverting to James Burnham's objection to the "whom" in the *NR* Poll, "Please list the five men whom—as of right now —you consider the *leaders* contending for the Republican Presidential nomination. . .": I take it that "to be the leaders" is what this would say, expanded. And may I remind Mr. Burnham that the subject of an infinitive is in the accusative case? So you are, as always, right and impeccable.

Abilene, Tex. MARION H. SAMSON

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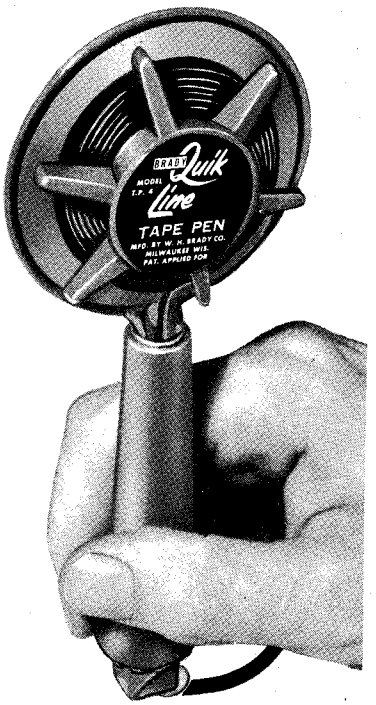

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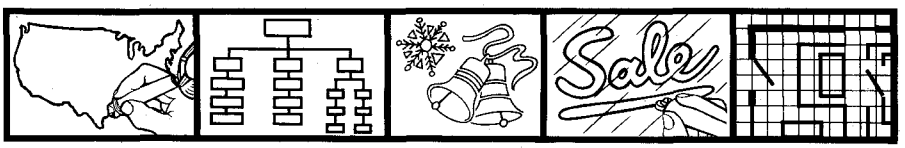

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The WEEK

● Tenets of the *Times* (New York): "Political problems should be dealt with politically, not judicially, as long as there is a reasonable chance of their being solved that way." *Translation*: When a problem is insoluble it is not political. Call in Earl Warren. *Emendation*: When a problem is insoluble, it is perhaps not a problem. How about calling in Messrs. John Jay, James Madison and Alexander Hamilton? Next problem!

● The current issue of *Look* carries a long article about George Romney, adapted from a forthcoming book by T. George Harris, which none need consult who has pursued James Jackson Kilpatrick's masterwork in the current issue of your favorite magazine. *Look* does, however, publish two snippets of information. 1) In 1961, when Romney was thinking of running for governor, he sought out the leadership of his church to see if Mormon doctrine on the exclusion of Negroes from the clergy would become a burden to the church if Romney's candidacy resulted in its getting disproportionate publicity. He got the nod, based on an apparently ironclad distinction between the hierarchical issue and the political issue. 2) In a revolutionary gesture, Romney has released the details of his family income for the past twelve years. They reveal charitable and religious donations of 23 per cent of adjusted gross income—and highlight the continued, deafening silence of other politicians.

● To bus or not to bus: Do Negro children learn better and faster in integrated schools? The Coleman Report (U.S. Office of Education, 1966) said yes. Now comes David J. Fox, a New York professor reporting to the Center for Urban Education, to say that integration makes little difference in pupils' achievements. "Of 212 matched pairs," Fox found, "the child who entered OE (New York's Open Enrollment busing program) showed the greater gain 89 times, whereas the child who remained in the sending school showed the greater gain 114 times, with no difference for the remaining nine pairs." In San Francisco, which buses whole grades (in contrast to New York, where only volunteer pupils are bused), the Stanford Research Institute found no appreciable gains in reading scores in the past eighteen months, among children who had been bused for some time.

● More on Tshombe: In the Brussels weekly *Pourquoi Pas?* Charles Sigal and Marcel Hambursin, the two Belgian businessmen who were with Tshombe when he was kidnaped, tell the story of their imprisonment and torture by Algerian authorities. Hambursin's report: "They put a metal pail over our heads and would bang on it until we would signal that we were ready to talk. You cannot imagine what this torture of the pail is like: the feeling that the brains will explode. In contrast, the blows and beatings were nothing I can assure you." Sigal's report: "They would make us hold our arms in the air and kneel down for hours at a time. When I fell ill from amoebic dysentery, they sent a doctor in to see me. He said he would give me an injection to enable me to stand up to the interrogation better. He said it would be cocaine. It was sodium pentothal [the truth serum]. At the same time, as I found out later, they were giving Tshombe the truth serum. In fact, when I regained consciousness, a guard asked me: 'Do you speak Lunda?' [the language spoken by Tshombe's tribe]. He was, apparently, speaking in Lunda which was hardly what the Algerians were counting on." The above report, published first in Brussels and then in Paris, over a month ago, and carried on the United Press International wires, is apparently not news that's fit to print.

● And still more: Our Portuguese informant (who first told us that Tshombe had been given the truth serum by Algerian authorities) writes that Tshombe has also undergone the "pail treatment." "This is accompanied by a special diet, a hot and cold sort of thing, that one week systematically eliminates proteins, the next minerals, and could ultimately bring about his death." Our informant adds that under the truth serum Tshombe revealed that it was Mobutu who had planned and carried out the murder of Patrice Lumumba (a crime for which Tshombe has always been blamed).

● On Nov. 23 Prince Norodom Sihanouk of Cambodia announced that he was permanently closing Cambodia to U.S. newsmen because three of those who had accompanied Jacqueline Kennedy to Cambodia had reported they had found a Vietcong military camp four miles inside the Cambodian border. "There are no Vietcong inside Cambodia," said the Prince (on Thanksgiving Thursday) . . . "and if there are [he said the day before] it is the fault of the Americans."

● Yuli Daniel, the Russian writer imprisoned for his anti-Soviet attitudes, is now 22 months into his

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five-year term at hard labor. His wife was allowed to see him in May, and her account of the visit, published in the December issue of *Atlas* Magazine (translated from the liberal Hamburg daily, *Die Zeit*), shows that things haven't changed much since the grayest days of the Stalinist era. At the time of the visit, Daniel was suffering from exhaustion and an ear infection. He was receiving no medical treatment. The food allotment at his camp was 1,700 calories a day—"And the quality of these calories! I have seen the cabbage brought into the zone: at first you can't recognize it—those black, solidly frozen clumps. They are sour when they thaw. The meat in the food ration is composed of skin and bones; perhaps it will yield something in the pot, but nothing is there when it reaches the prisoner's dish. The sugar ration is 15 grams a day; bread 700 grams, but it is black, damp, heavy." Daniel's wife cannot mail or bring her husband food until August 1968. No prisoner is permitted packages during the first half of his term. And afterwards, "the authorities can order the packages to be held back. The reason is always the same: 'non-fulfillment of the work norm.'" The "norm" is set so high that no prisoner can meet his quota. Daniel and his wife were allowed to see each other for one hour. A guard stood by as they talked. She wanted to ask for more time, but Daniel reminded her that many prisoners may have no visits at all. "There are men in the camp who have submitted 500 different petitions each. You can go mad. . . ."

● Squaresville: Last week's bulletin of the prestigious Overseas Press Club anounced a press conference by Portuguese Foreign Minister Dr. Alberto Franco Nogueira. At the end of the announcement, in parentheses, was this intelligence: "The conference is being held in the spirit of inquiry and does not reflect club support of the regime." The other two press conferences listed, without any *caveat emptor* were: a) the lady from Tanzania who is collecting money to send armed guerrillas killing and murdering into Angola, and b) a diplomat from Syria (that's where people are occasionally executed before they hear that they've been tried).

● Now that he is a sociology professor at San Jose State College, former athlete Harry Edwards is presumably entitled to come on with charges that racial injustice here "is as bad as that in South Africa." With that same ratio of verve to accuracy Edwards would never have made it as an athlete; and he doesn't want other Negro athletes to make it either, not so long as the U.S. is counting on them to compete for it in the 1968 Olympics. So far Tommie Smith (sprints), Lee Evans (sprints) and Lew Alcindor (basketball) are stringing along with Edwards' proposed boycott, but former Olympic champions Rafer Johnson, Bob Hayes and Jesse Owens think the professor is out of bounds. So do Ralph Boston (long jump) and Charlie Greene (sprints). Says Greene: "It comes down to the matter if you're an American or not. I'm an American and I'm going to run."

● *Brooklyn, N.Y.*—A hundred homes are empty now, from December 4 through 12. Their usual occupants are disporting themselves in San Juan, Puerto Rico, at the Darlington Hotel, thanks to arrangements made by Phyllis Hadden and Dot Nevels. The group of tourists call themselves "The Welfare Clients Organization" and exist for the purpose of converting the drab life of the social parasite into something more exciting. The Welfare Clients Organization also conducted a raffle: first prize a free trip to San Juan.

The Real Mideast Crisis

Ceremonial goodwill is momentarily trickling through the Middle East, but the realities of the desert are still arid and getting arider. After weeks of UN debate, Swedish diplomat Gunnar Jarring set off for the region under the aegis of a British-sponsored resolution which President Nasser described with untypical meiosis as "unclear." This very lack of clarity on the required timing of Israeli withdrawal from "occupied territories" (some, if so which, or all?) was what permitted the resolution's passage. The same lack of clarity renders Mr. Jarring's mission unlikely to effect much. However, Nasser's call for an Arab conference to consider the resolution was rejected only by way-out-left Syria, incidentally against the orders of its paymasters in Moscow. Meanwhile, in Aden the British, with the smoothness born of long practice, hauled down the Union Jack and handed over power to the National Liberation Front which declared friendship to one and all and promptly renamed the place South Yemen. In Yemen itself, the new republican regime continued its protestations of moderation.

Superficially, therefore, something of a Good Neighbor week in Arabia. In reality the region took another perceptible step towards Russian fiefdom. The long-term effects of Egypt's failure to impose a pan-Arab hegemony are beginning to show. The more Nasser boasts that his military strength is greater than on the eve of the war with Israel, the more he is admitting his indebtedness to the Russians. His protestation that he will not grant the Soviets bases in Egypt should not be taken too seriously. Compare the earlier denials of the Yemenis that they were asking for Russian arms. Four MiG-19s and forty Soviet technicians have already arrived in the Yemeni capital of Sana, with much more to come.

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In the Next Issue

The True Sprit of Christmas
by Aloise Buckley Heath
What's Wrong with Church Art in America?
by Ruth Berenson

The resignation from the new government of the former Premier Ahmed Noman, who alone realized the importance of negotiating with the royalists, means that the Yemen civil war is likely to continue indefinitely. And just as the South Yemen NLF has thrown in its lot with the Yemeni republicans, so the dispossessed sheikhs in the southern outback may throw in their lot with the Imam and his Saudi Arabian backers. Thus South Yemen too may have to resort to Soviet aid to survive. At one time, Nasser had thousands of troops in Yemen and was successfully fueling FLOSY, the rival nationalist movement in the then colony of Aden. Now Yemen is turning to the Russians, FLOSY is apparently defunct and the UAR is little more than another Soviet client state.

Although few will admit it, this is the reason why Britain has suddenly become much more conciliatory towards Nasser. The long-term struggle in Vietnam and the recrudescence of the perennial Cyprus problem should not distract the U.S. from the situation in the Middle East, which is deteriorating very fast. The danger is not only, not even primarily, to Israel (which has shown itself perfectly capable of looking after itself), but to the whole free world (which has not). For the Soviets may well be on the brink of securing that long-sought warm-water port, control of the Eastern Mediterranean and the Suez Canal and a bridgehead into unstable and little-considered northeast Africa where guerrilla warfare is already raging in Sudan and Ethiopia—and all of this while the West's back is turned.

Today the Pentagon, Tomorrow the World (Bank)

In theory it is conceivable that a man high in public life should change posts or resign just because he happened to feel like it, but in practice it never works that way—and if it did, no one would believe it. It does seem to be true that Robert McNamara has for some time wanted to make peace instead of war; he said as much in his Montreal speech nearly two years ago. He there expressed that sort of globally welfarist sentiment that will sound appropriate from the head of the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development, while at the same time we may hope that his strict administrative code will continue that institution on the businesslike and productive course which, to the surprise of most and the annoyance of many, it has pursued in the past.

Still, we can't leave this McNamara move with that. Even if its direct cause is personal—and doubtless a multiplicity of causes has gradually come to bear—we must also ask what shifts it signifies in the balance of political forces.

We may note first that in his seven years as Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara has made many and formidable enemies, some became so because of honest differences of view about matters of costly and critical importance to the nation's security, others because of a certain intellectual disdain and arrogance in McNamara's manner, still others because this extraordinary man has not hesitated to ride full tilt against the most powerfully entrenched interests of the military and governmental apparatus. In Washington, as in any other seat of government, an office holder is bound to have enemies, but if he has too many in too many places, their combined pressure becomes finally more than his friends and chief can think it worth while to endure; he has to be jettisoned.

And, second, there cannot have been absent from the meditations of so complete a political being as Lyndon Johnson the fact that the exit of McNamara from the Pentagon appeases and diverts these enemy pressures that have been a vulnerability of the President and the Administraton as well as of the Secretary of Defense. Skipper Johnson is beginning to trim ship in preparation for the stormy passage that lies ahead next year. McNamara's departure collapses a whole powerful line of attack that the opposition had counted on exploiting. Denouncing the errors and crimes by which the McNamara of the critics has destroyed the nation's strategic security will not reverberate very loudly with McNamara absent. And how can you blame the unfortunate successor for McNamara's mistakes? As for Vietnam, the President wins both ways. The doves have been against McNamara because he has fought "McNamara's war," and the hawks, because of what they thought the too doveish way in which he was fighting it. McNamara's carcass is thus a feast for both species.

But finally there may be more than a factional maneuver on the Vietnam front. For the past two years both McNamara and the Chiefs of Staff have put on the record of congressional hearings the military dissatisfaction with some, at least, of the restrictions imposed by the Secretary of Defense—or more exactly, by the President acting through the Secretary of Defense—on military operations in Southeast Asia. Late last summer these differences between the civilian and military commands became more pointed when McNamara made them fully public, especially in relation to bombing targets. The

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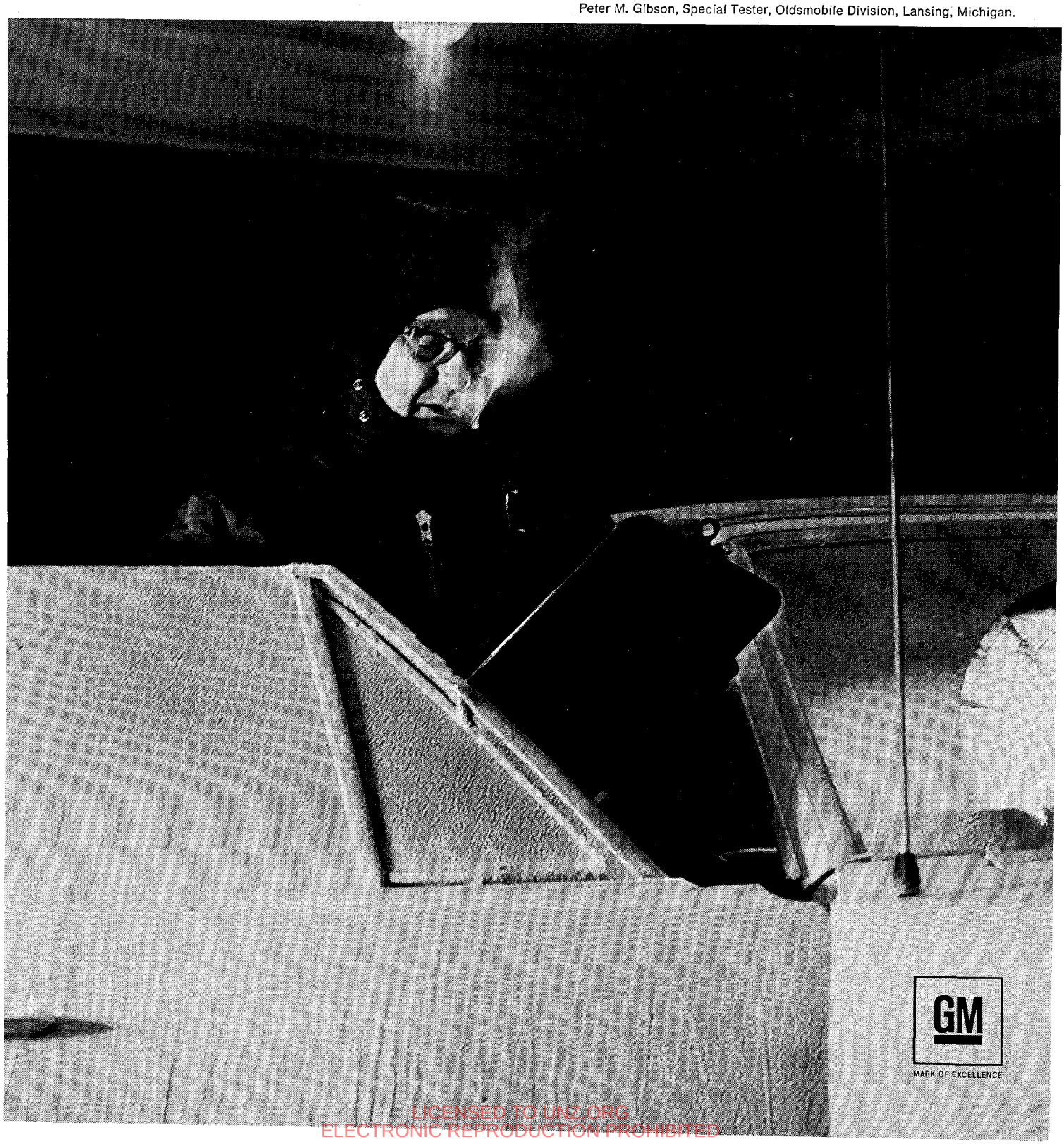

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public clash was extended when McNamara, in his announcement of the decision to deploy a thin anti-missile system, clearly implied that he himself continued to oppose it, as against the judgment of the Joint Chiefs, who for some time have wanted not only a thin but a full-scale system.

It would be impossible to have for very long a running public conflict on issues of primary importance between the civilian and uniformed commands of the armed forces. One or the other would have to give way or get out. On this reckoning, the Joint Chiefs have won this battle, but it would be risky, with a commander-in-chief so given to concealed and indirect maneuvers, to be sure that they have won their domestic war. Many commentators, abroad as well as in this country, believe McNamara's going means a free hand to the Joint Chiefs to escalate the war as they see fit. So it may be; certainly Lyndon Johnson will be striving to reach an unambiguously hopeful stage of the Vietnam war before next November. But if McNamara had felt his differences with the President's policy to be really fundamental, he could have been expected to get out of public office altogether, in order to be free to oppose the policies publicly, rather than to accept another post on nomination of the President—a post, moreover, that places him largely outside domestic disputes. Perhaps it will be just as well to suspend judgment a while until we see who is named as replacement in the Pentagon, and where the bombs start falling.

The Thoughts of Chairman de Gaulle

What was most striking about Charles de Gaulle's latest press audience, staged November 27 with even more than the usual pomp, is the reckless, obsessive strain that throughout ran close to the surface. There would be nothing abnormal in a Frenchman's speaking warmly of the French-speaking inhabitants of Quebec, whose ancestral roots—four centuries back—can be traced to France. But de Gaulle's rhetoric is hyperbole. "This French nation, a piece of our own people, by a miracle of vitality and fidelity on the part of submerged peasants has maintained itself"; there must be "a complete change in the structure of Canada through which Quebec would be elevated to the rank of a sovereign state, . . .master of its national destiny like other nations throughout the world [in order] to stand up to the invasion of the United States." Such phrases, in relation to the realities, are the excesses of an obsolescent old man, a megalomaniac enraptured by his own *idées fixes,* not the pronouncements of the lofty statesman and man of destiny whom de Gaulle still fancies himself.

Idée fixe, rather: on Canada as in general, de Gaulle's hatred of "the Anglo-Saxons" has become not only the primary but virtually the sole controlling principle of his whole system of thought and policy. His gloating over Britain's monetary miseries was undisguised, as was his gleeful hope that the United States will soon share her sorrows. One can almost hear the grinding of his teeth as he mentions "the American foothold" in European enterprise—gained, you may be sure, not by any "organic superiority of the United States" but merely by slick financial manipulation "under cover of the gold-exchange standard." It is much too late for de Gaulle to be brought to understand that France would be in no measure exempt from the consequences of an American, therefore inevitably a world, monetary crisis, or, as Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber explains in his immediately best-selling *Le Défi Américain,* that it is the jealous, narrowly nationalistic, anti-European policy of de Gaulle himself that blocks development by Europeans of mighty international enterprises that could match the American economic giants.

It is prudent to abandon illusions about the person whom Charles de Gaulle has become. De Gaulle is the prisoner of his own obsessions; there is no limit to the extremes to which they may drive him.

Grivas Trouble

Nowhere brew such classical examples of the modern international crisis as Cyprus. The situation presents 1) two irreconcilably hostile races; 2) a plethora of conciliators—LBJ sent Cyrus Vance, U Thant sent the polyglottally denominated José Rolz-Benett, NATO sent Secretary-General Manlio Brosio; 3) an infinite regression of grievances—or rather Grivas and counter-Grivas. The present sequence went thus: Greece has been clandestinely increasing her garri-

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Changing the Guard

Yesterday the British fleet was reviewed for the last time in Aden's outer harbor. —New York Times

HMS *Eagle* raced around the Cape
To lead the last imperial review.
No natives lined the naval base to gape;
This time, no Windsor waved a wan adieu.
In '45, the maps were colored red
With territory labeled England. Now
The *pound's* incarnadine, and what's ahead
The kids on Carnaby don't care, somehow.
So cheerio to Aden! Duty there
Was bloody awful, what with all the heat.
The docks were falling into disrepair
And every Yemeni despised the fleet.
You wonder who'll appear to take the rap?
Your friend and one-world neighbor, Uncle Sap.

W. H. VON DREELE

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son on the island to around 10,000, far beyond the limit laid down by the Zurich independence agreement of 950 men. The Turks have only infiltrated about double their Zurich limit of 650 troops to protect the Turkish minority. Turkish Cypriots therefore set up roadblocks against the Greek intruders. The intruders, under the orders of General Grivas, intrude more positively. Twenty-five or so Turkish Cypriots are killed. Turkey starts talking about an invasion and her jets buzz the island. Crisis.

At the outset, the Greek military junta was getting rather the better of the diplomatic war, being presented as compromise-seeking moderates in contrast to the war-crazy Turks. But after all, they've already got their troops on the island and a 4-to-1 majority among the Cypriot population. Withdrawal of a token proportion of mainland Greek troops would hardly affect this superiority and might secure some de facto approval for the illegal status quo of their occupation. (Compare the security Khrushchev obtained for Castro out of the Cuba crisis.) Moreover, hotblooded though Grivas is, he takes orders from the Athens government which did not try to rein him in until after the crisis was fully fledged. Besides, the military regime is hard up for sops to throw the dissident citizenry. What better than a good old Cyprus flare-up?

Whether or not either side is eager enough to launch a war of sorts, it is clear that Cypriot independence, already badly wounded, has now totally succumbed. President Makarios even admitted that the possibility of war no longer rested in Cypriot hands. The barman realizes, as he ducks the bullets, just how much of a racket the protection racket really is.

Dollar and Pound

It is difficult to say with any hope of precision just when the monetary problems of the West will work themselves out. The cynic says they never will. The practical man understands that the present is the edge of chaos, and asks only to have a new money that will be stable for thirty or forty years. Certainly at the heart of the problem is lack of stability. One thing is as certain as can be: we are witnessing the death throes of our present kind of fiat money and our present kind of international monetary arrangements.

For it is obvious that the pose of the International Monetary Fund has been turned upside down. When it was organized in 1944, the IMF was advertised as a mere humble instrument which would 1) contribute to monetary stability, i.e. forfend devaluations, and 2) grease the skids of international trade. It has failed notably, in the first of its tasks, and the threat of protectionism is strong enough to lead us to think the IMF has seen the end of its usefulness in the second. The amazing thing is that in this situation, the instrument having failed, we are now urged to cease considering the instrument as an instrument and to consider it instead as a goal in itself.

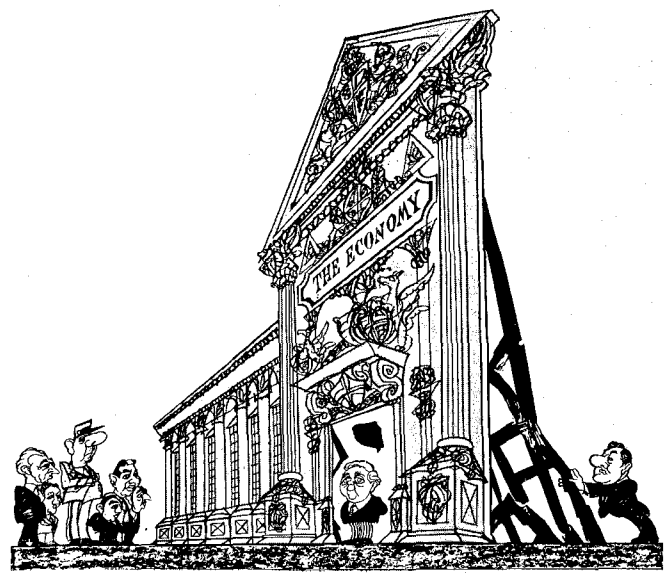
Prime Minister Wilson urges great sacrifices upon his people in order to "maintain the international monetary system," and President Johnson's Administration has placed equal emphasis on "making the present arrangements work." Or words to that effect. This, surely, is one of the great propaganda flip-flops of all time.

Nothing could show more clearly the end of fiat money than the figures on private buying of gold. In recent years, private gold purchases (in $ millions) have risen rapidly:

1961	635
1962	940
1963	975
1964	1,095
1965	1,230
1966	1,490
1967	1,860 (first half, annualized).

At the same time, official holdings (central banks, governments) began to show a decline. In 1966 the total official holdings declined for the first time since such records were kept, going down $45 million. To judge from the first six months of 1967, this year's loss in official holdings will be about $410 million. To judge from events in recent weeks, the world is capable of reducing central bank gold holdings at a rate of $1 billion a week.

Clearly the reduction in central bank reserves must lead to either runaway inflation or inadvertent deflation. Britain's devaluation of the pound induced a deflation of about $1 billion in central bank reserves. The loss of gold from central banks may reach an annual rate of $5 billion in 1968. Many careful observers



The Times, London — Ben Roth Agency

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Focus on WASHINGTON

◆ It could just be turnabout time in the East Wing of the Capitol. For many moons now, the Wednesday Club of liberal House Republicans (it prefers to call itself simply The Group, perhaps because the other name summons visions of tea and tatting) has gone its own way, regularly crossing the line to give Democrats the margin of victory in key votes. Current Group Leader is Vietnik Brad Morse of Massachusetts; John Lindsay once wore the mantle. Since last spring there has been sporadic talk of a "conservative caucus" that would countervail the influence of GOP liberals and work for that elusive good, "party unity." The name of Ohio's John Ashbrook is usually linked with the movement for such a caucus.

It's starting to happen. The most notable recent defection of the Wednesday Club types and their friends came when the House voted on the foreign aid appropriation. Congressman H. R. Gross (Iowa) offered an amendment forbidding aid to countries that trade with North Vietnam; the Democrats voted it down—with the help of liberal Republicans, who never batted an eyelash when Gross berated them for their "near-treasonous" conduct. Gross stayed angry; so did Ashbrook and many more party regulars. This, they remembered, was how the Consular Accord made it through, and Demonstration Cities and many more. When the OEO appropriation came up for a vote, they saw their chance.

◆ To be sure, the bill had already been made semi-palatable by an amendment (from Oregon's Edith Green) providing more local control of anti-poverty programs. Administration Democrats swallowed that, and plumped for approval of the full $2.06 billion demanded by the White House. Charles Goodell (N.Y.) and Albert Quie (Minn.), "moderate" Republicans both, sought a cut to $1.4 billion coupled with a series of amendments that nobody—least of all the sponsors—really understood. Thus cut and restructured, as Ashbrook and his friends realized, the poverty bill would never be passed; once it failed, the Administration's boys would hasten to demand the whole cake.

◆ On the day before the vote, Ashbrook and several other orthodox Republicans agreed to hold out for the Administration's bill—with the Green amendment, and cut to the more realistic figure of $1.6 billion. At eleven the next morning, they trooped into the House and circulated letters to their Republican colleagues, soliciting signatures. Each signer said, in effect, that he would vote for the bill only if the appropriation were cut. A hundred signed; about forty more said they would line up with the party regulars, but they never signed *anything*. The letters were dumped into the lap of an unsuspecting Gerry Ford—and, yes, the poverty appropriation was cut back to $1.6 billion. There were plenty of amendments offered in the course of the day. Goodell's and Quie's got nowhere—their staff members sat in the wings cutting and pasting the amendments together even as the debate progressed—but one of Ashbrook's, limiting the number of high-paying executive jobs in the OEO, won handily. The vote on the appropriation cut was 221 to 190, with 148 Republicans for and 28 against—most of the 28 being liberals who are used to voting with the Democrats: Seymour Halpern, Ogden Reid and Frank Horton of New York, Maryland's Charles Mathias and (of course) Brad Morse, to name a few.

◆ Now, the talk is that the group that passed around those letters will organize itself on a permanent basis. If it does, and if it can forge itself into an effective fighting unit, the consequences will be far-reaching. Unlike the Wednesday Club, which wanders about devising "alternative policies" to those of the party leadership and which circulates high-toned reports prepared for it by the Ripon Society, a caucus of conservative-minded GOP regulars would work primarily for party unity, and try to mold Republican policy rather than undercut it. Certainly, such a caucus would force the good-hearted but vacillating Gerald Ford somewhat to the right—and for the time being House Republicans must live with Ford, even though his relaxed leadership has contributed to an atmosphere in which liberals can defect all over the place, and in which the movement for party unity has had to come from the rank and file. A $400-million cut in the poverty bill is no rolling back of the tide, but it is a beginning.

◆ Final Note: The OEO bill is now in conference, where the House appropriation must be reconciled with the $2.26 billion voted by the Senate. But (take heart!) among the conferees, along with the Brothers Kennedy, is John Ashbrook. **—CATO**

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believe that the pound will be devalued again, perhaps next spring, and the dollar will be devalued before the next Presidential election. The terrible austerity measures failed to work in England; and after ten years of announcing great moves to cure the gold outflow, Washington reported last week a truly drastic decline in the U.S. trade surplus.

The budget, the payments deficit, the interest rate, the quantity of money, the gold outflow—all of these basic aspects of monetary management are obviously and completely beyond the control of Washington and London, which centers are supposed to be managing the world's principal reserve currencies. The absence of control might be offered as one definition of chaos. Investors fleeing chaos withdraw from such currencies and purchase the best refuges known to man—gold, silver, platinum, and so on.

The storm will blow over, but not before chaos has broken many a fortune, and given many other people a chance to make new fortunes.

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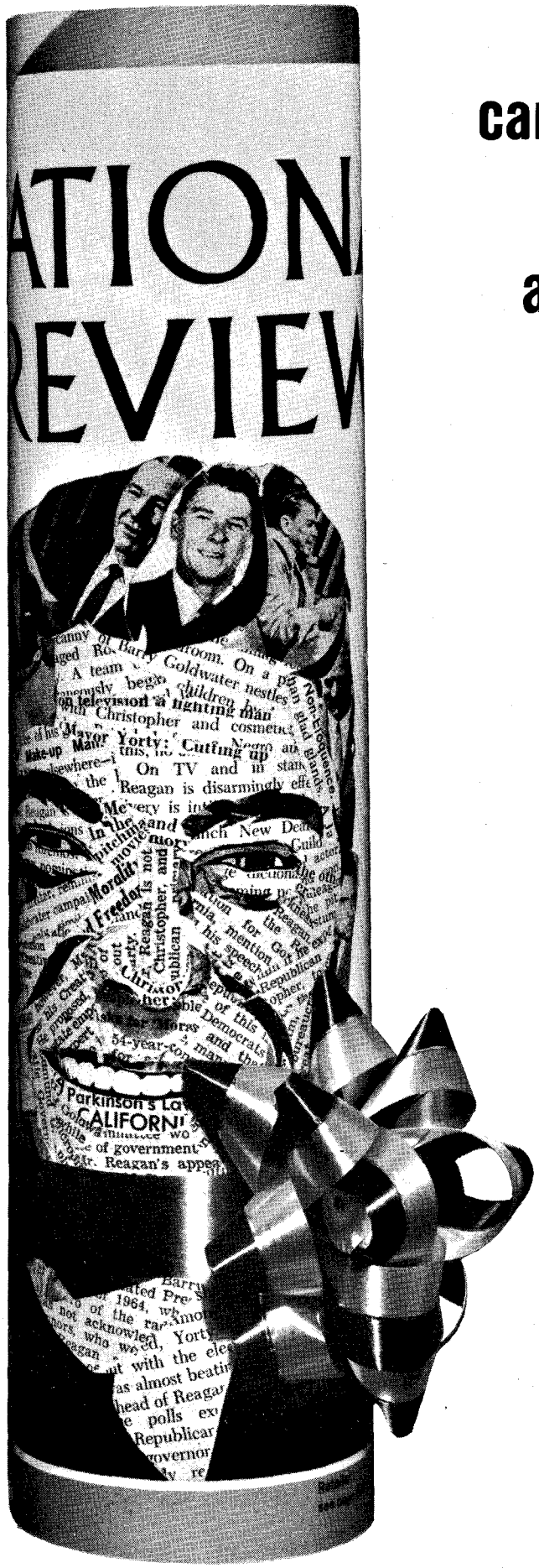

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Memo to Martin Luther King

It is reported that you are planning for 1968 what you term "a massive civil disobedience campaign" in the Northern cities; that is to say, a series of mass actions (aimed at "dislocating the functioning of a city," you have stated) in deliberate defiance of the law. We have read that from school days you have been an admirer of Socrates, the Great Dissenter and questioner in our Western tradition, and of the philosophy of his pupil, Plato, and that you have regarded these two as models for your own thought and conduct.

Reflecting on the new dispatches concerning your massive civil disobedience campaign, it occurred to us to wonder whether you may have re-read, in recent years, Plato's three dialogues recounting the trial, imprisonment and death of Socrates, in particular the Crito. *You will of course recall that in 399 B.C. Socrates was brought to trial before the Athenian Assembly on charges of impiety toward the gods and corruption of the youth by teaching them impious doctrine. He was convicted and sentenced to death, but execution was delayed until the end of the festival of the Delian Apollo. He was put in a prison from which it was understood that he would be permitted to escape provided the path was opened by relevant payments and he agreed to go into exile. Socrates' friends were ready to put up the money, and a group of them, led by Crito, visited him to urge that he accept the arrangement. Though he judged himself wholly guiltless and scorned both the motives and the arguments of his accusers, Socrates refused. Plato's dialogue known as* Crito, *from which the following excerpts are taken, presents Socrates as explaining to his friends the reasons for his attitude.*

Imagine that I am about to play truant (you may call the proceeding by any name which you like), and the laws and government come and interrogate me: "Tell us, Socrates," they say, "what are you about? are you not going by an act of yours to overturn us—the laws, and the whole state, as far as in you lies? Do you imagine that a state can subsist and not be overthrown, in which the decisions of law have no power, but are set aside and trampled upon by individuals?"—What will be our answer, Crito, to these and the like words? Anyone, and especially a rhetorician, will have a good deal to say on behalf of the law which requires a sentence to be carried out. He will argue that this law should not be set aside, and shall we reply, "Yes, but the state has injured us and given us an unjust sentence." Suppose I say that?

"And was that our agreement with you?" . . . . the law would answer, "or were you to abide by the sentence of the state?". . . . And if I were to express my astonishment at their words, the law would probably add: "Answer, Socrates, instead of opening your eyes: you are in the habit of asking and answering questions. Tell us: what complaint have you to make against us which justifies you in attempting to destroy us and the state?"

Then the laws will say: "Consider, Socrates, if we are speaking truly that in your present attempt you are going to do us an injury. For, having brought you into the world, and nurtured and educated you, and given you and every other citizen a share in every good which we had to give, we further proclaim to any Athenian by the liberty which we allow him, that if he does not like us when he has become of age and has seen the ways of the city, and made our acquaintance, he may go where he pleases and take his goods with him. None of us laws will forbid him or interfere with him. Anyone who does not like us and the city, and who wants to emigrate to a colony or to any other city, may go where he likes, retaining his property. But he who has experience of the manner in which we order justice and administer the state, and still remains, has entered into an implied contract that he will do as we command him. And he who disobeys us is, as we maintain, thrice wrong: first, because in disobeying us he is disobeying his parents; secondly, because we are the authors of his education; thirdly, because he has made an agreement with us that he will duly obey our commands, and he neither obeys them nor convinces us that our commands are unjust; and we do not rudely impose them, but give him the alternative of obeying or convincing us; that is what we offer,

Aux Ecoutes, Paris **The empty seats** Ben Roth Agency

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and he does neither. These are the sort of accusations to which, as we were saying, you, Socrates, will be exposed if you accomplish your intention; you, above all other Athenians. . . . Neither will you nor any that belong to you be happier or holier or juster in this life, or happier in another, if you do as Crito bids. Now you depart in innocence, a sufferer and not a doer of evil; a victim, not of the laws, but of men."

RIP

Four years, and still the theories flow.
Why *did* the Russians let him go?
Were Shaw and Ruby in the piece?
Should Dallas fire its police?

The European press insists
Earl Warren's explanation twists
The facts in order to release
A bland, official frontispiece.

Well, maybe so, but I believe
The press would rather write than grieve:
They'd rather *anything* than cease
And let the body rest in peace.

W. H. von Dreele

Notes & Asides

It appears that everybody in the entire world desires to become associated with the National Committee to Horsewhip Drew Pearson, with the result that the Board of Directors has decided to limit charter membership to 10 per cent of the population of the United States. So that if you desire to join, write to Horsewhip Drew Pearson, 150 E. 35th St., New York 10016; or wire or cable, HORSEWHIP CARE NAT WEEKLY NEW YORK. First come—first served. The buttons now exist, and will be mailed out, along with membership certificates, towards the end of this week. The NCHDP Executive Whip, C. H. Simonds, has announced that the Committee will also supply little round stickers, appropriate for affixing to loci of moral indignation. They should regularly decorate your letters to your congressmen. They are available at $1.00 for 25, minimum order $1.00.

You will recall that a lady philanthropist sent in an extra eight dollars designated for scholarship memberships for needy students, from whom we have heard in droves. Mr. R. H. Jr. of Glen Ellyn, Illinois, who petitions for a scholarship, writes: "I am a needy student just barely getting through the seminary and feel thwarted in my deep passionate desire to horsewhip the Infidel." (R. H. Jr. won one of the scholarships.) Another comes in from Mr. F. T. of Troy, New York. "Last year my resources were worn so thin that I took to eating rice and beans fourteen meals a week, and nothing the other seven meals. And last month, when I was down to my last $30, I spent $6.89 on a NATIONAL REVIEW subscription. Furthermore, I feel that Drew Pearson needs to be horsewhipped. Who can be needier?" Not very many people can be needier, Brother H: and in recognition that men cannot live by bread alone, we offer you membership, gratis, in Horsewhip. Mr. Dick Sartwell, President of the Associated Students of Malone College in Canton, Ohio, wants to know: "Is there anything wrong with starting a campus committee for said purposes?" Certainly not, the Executive Whip advises, suggesting a riding crop as the appropriate symbol for junior membership. And Michael D. Hoffman of Wilmette, Ill. wishes to donate his services to form a "Young NCHDP—after all, shouldn't youth be protected from Drew Pearson too?" Young Mr. Hoffman has received his franchise.

What, meanwhile, has the whippee to say about all this? One of the Committee recently heard him interviewed on the air. What did he think about the Committee to Horsewhip Drew Pearson? "Well," Mr. Pearson answered, "the man behind it all was for Joe McCarthy ten years ago, what else can you expect?" "And besides," Mr. Pearson added, "the Committee is asking two dollars for a membership, whereas I would like people to send me *four* dollars, which *I* would send on to the Boys Club of America." We checked with the President of the Boys Club of America, who observed: "Flattery will get Mr. Pearson nowhere. The Boys Clubs are organizing Horsewhip Drew Pearson Committees all over America. If he thinks he can bribe us, he underestimates the moral fiber of American youth."

So don't forget, the Committee has only a couple of weeks left to accept membership. Act fast.

And on the literary front, there is excellent news also. James Burnham's new book (*The War We Are In*), based on his writings in NATIONAL REVIEW, is a bestseller over at the Conservative Book Club. Mr. William von Dreele's book of light verse, *If Liberals Had Feathers Gee /What a Hunter I Would Be,* has gone into a second edition of five thousand copies, which for a book of verse is absolutely awe-inspiring. Contributors to the NATIONAL REVIEW Fund will be receiving their bound copies not exactly soon, but soon plus a day or two. It takes longer and longer to get books bound these days (the publishers are busy producing books for the poverty program—there are apparently more books being published for illiterates than for literates these days). But the copies will be on their way soon, and we beg your indulgence.

Yours hastily,
—WFB

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The Third World War

JAMES BURNHAM

The Not So Glorious Fiftieth

Taking it all in all, the celebration of the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Bolshevik insurrection was rather a flop. If it had not been for the ballyhoo provided by the mass media of the bourgeois nations, the Kremlin would have had to write it down as a net loss on balance.

Burnham

To begin with, nobody had much fun, and anniversaries without fun are pretty dreary affairs. Communists just don't seem able to throw a fun party. Pre-1917 Russians, we all know from the novels and memoirs, were the world's best party-givers, but Russian Communists are as hopeless as all other Communists, and maybe worse. The most you can hope for is caviar, smoked sturgeon and enough vodka to get plastered on, but gaiety, glamor, manners and plain un-angled enjoyment went out with the Czar. Polish and Hungarian Communists do maybe a mite better than the Russians, but all Communists from pole to pole are on the grim side.

Then there were the no-shows and the sourpusses. Nothing dampens a celebration more surely than the invited guests who somehow can't make it or the ones who do appear only to display their disapproval of the whole proceeding. The Chinese—on whom the Russians had fondly lavished ten or so billion rubles in aid of one sort or another—not only didn't accept but spent the time broadcasting their denunciations of the host. Ho Chi Minh and Fidel Castro, in debt for their political existence as well as a billion or so rubles of current annual help, stayed home and sent errand boys who sulked in their hotel rooms making nasty comments for the newspapers. Also among the missing were the head of government of North Vietnam, for which Moscow had been midwife, and the chiefs of the Japanese, Malaysian, Burmese and Laotian Communist parties.

Then too, something went wrong with the spectaculars that were programmed to display Soviet splendor in space. The unmanned coupling of two orbiting sputniks was theoretically impressive, no doubt, but not much of a thrill for the amateur public, especially when, as usual, it was known only through the unilateral dispatches of Soviet press agencies. Simultaneously the reactionary imperialists were hurling the super-Saturn into a letter-perfect flight, hopping Surveyor VI about the lunar surface, and extending the globally encircling system of reconnaissance, metereological and communications satellites.

Operation Smother

In another dimension, the West's Operation Smother spread a lot of smog from Svetlana's embarrassing reminiscences about her father, the late Prime Minister S. . . ., excuse it Comrade, Prime Minister Volga, hero of the famous battle of Volgograd; by Colonel Runge's revelations of the latest doings of the KGB in foreign parts, and by those ungrateful stories of the sprung British seaman about how people sicken, starve and die nowadays in those labor camps that disappeared—from public mention, that is—on the exit of the late lamented #1.

And even those shop windows filled with consumer goods imported from abroad for the occasion couldn't quite keep people, visitors and citizens alike, from wondering what the Revolution has been doing, all these fifty years, that they should be so happy about. News gets around, one way or another, these days, and even a *mouzhik* can see there aren't many autos driving through his village, much less garaged there. How come that a country which fifty years ago was right up near the top industrially, behind only two or three others in Europe and one overseas, today has fewer automobiles and telephones per capita than half-developed states in the boondocks?

"Russia fifty years on is a grey place," wrote a by no means unsympathetic *Economist* correspondent, reporting on the anniversary week. "To visit it as it commemorated the October Revolution was to realize that conditions can go on getting better for a long time without becoming good. Life in Russia is still extraordinarily inconvenient by Western standards. . . . Queues are still the first thing that catches the Western visitor's eye: queues waiting each morning for the shops to open, queues even to buy a quick drink at a wretched windy street kiosk instead of a warm pub."

Non-History of Our Times

Think, too, how awkward it was to compose the speeches recalling the glorious past. Suppose you should find yourself on the speech-making program for the July 1976 celebration of the 200th anniversary of our Revolution, and you aren't allowed to mention the names of Benjamin Franklin, Paul Revere, Alexander Hamilton, John Adams, Patrick Henry, James Madison, Charles Pinckney, John Hancock, James Wilson, John Marshall, Samuel Adams or Thomas Jefferson: seems they were all spies, traitors, saboteurs and agents of the British Crown. And suppose in addition that practically every citizen either had done time himself in a slave labor camp in Alaska or had a father or uncle or brother or neighbor who had spent years or decades in a camp, or died there. Try, on those assumptions, to write out your Fourth of July address.

There were the big military parades, of course, including the units dressed up in quaint civil war costumes. These were impressive, as parades always are, and a good show for the children. But somehow all that military emphasis, which was echoed in most of the official speeches, wasn't what the Revolution was going to bring, according to what they used to promise in the old days.

Yes, if they hadn't been able to read the anniversary features in *Life, Newsweek, Look* and the *Saturday Evening Post* and to watch re-runs of the network documentaries, the Presidium might almost have ended up feeling the Revolution had been a failure.

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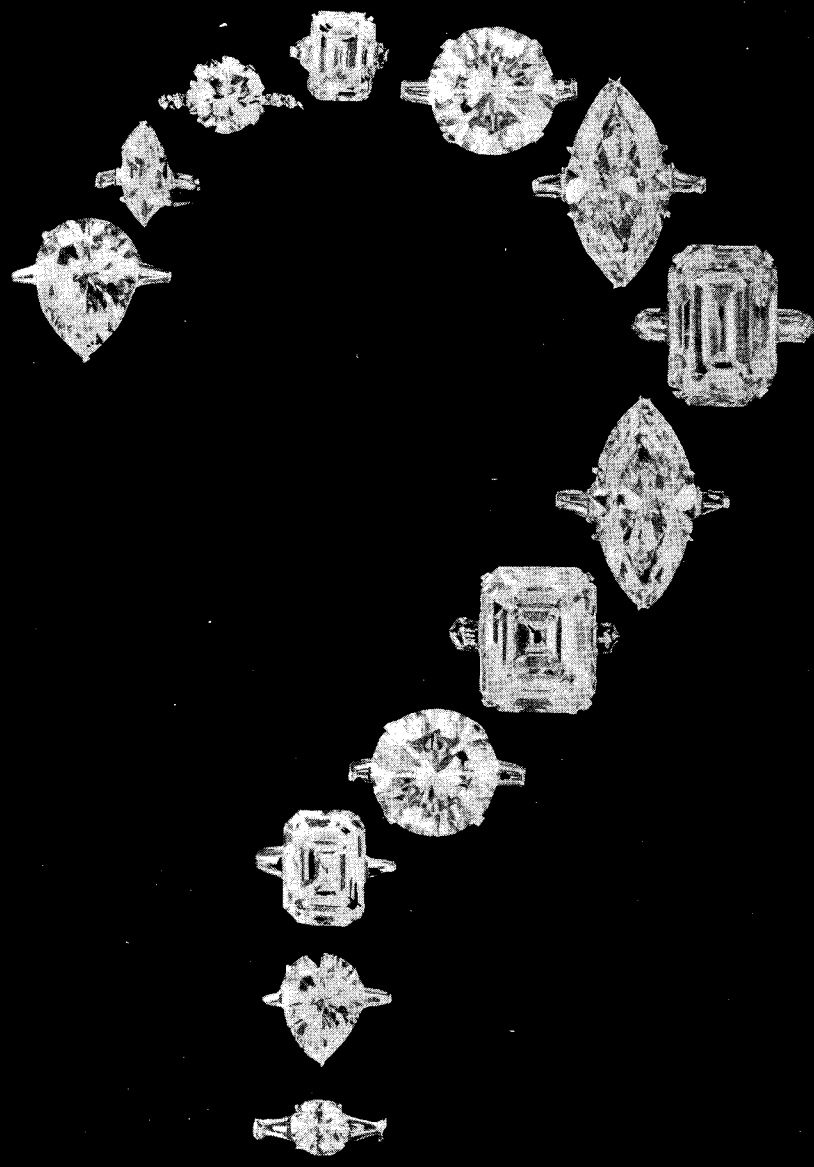

Planning *a merger?*

TIFFANY & Co.

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COVER STORY

Lonesome George, supersalesman of Ramblers and religion, has a new line. He's driving uphill through the smog—but doggone it, he's driving

ROMNEY: SALESMAN ON THE MOVE

JAMES JACKSON KILPATRICK

Mid-November in Michigan is not, alas, the most felicitous time and place in the world. On Thursday, the 16th, it came up cold and dreary, the skies above Detroit a mouse gray, a flagellant wind whipping the trash of city streets. The *Detroit News,* caught in a dispute with the Teamsters Union, found itself on strike. Friday in Lansing, the sleet came in ragged shrouds at dawn. That afternoon the *Detroit Free Press,* in a tactical move, locked out its employees and suspended publication. During the night a slow drizzle turned to icy rain.

All things considered, it was not the happiest moment for a governor of Michigan to announce his political intentions. But on Saturday morning the 18th, George Wilcken Romney charged into the Veterans' Memorial Building in Detroit as if it were April on the fairway. He had come to announce his decision "to fight for and win the Republican nomination and election as President of the United States." Outside, the thermometers read 33 degrees.

Paradoxically, Romney was in his proper element. He thrives upon adversity and warmth—the crowds whooping, the skies leaking. This morning, six hundred of his friends had braved the rain to share a five-dollar brunch. A thirteen-piece high school band was blaring. In the lobby, a lissome blonde vended Romney buttons; the girl was delightfully round but the buttons, appropriately, were square. At another table, two suburban matrons offered Republican cookbooks, emblazoned with the visages of George and his wife Lenore; the opening recipe recommended a punch combining Welch's grape juice with pulverized banana.

Inside the dining room, the breakfasters seemed to be mostly white, middle-aged, and middle upper income. At 10:15, when the Romneys entered the hall, the crowd broke into a friendly chant of "We Want Romney," but this was something less than hot emotion suddenly unleashed. Nobody stood on his chair. Lenore, her right arm in a sling, waved happily with her left hand. The candidate, blue-shirted, dark-tied, worked his way through the crowd, his hand pumping, his face beaming. When Romney beams it is like looking at light bulbs. A benevolent God blessed him with teeth as pearly as a perfect ear of corn.

Fearless Fosdick Runs Again

At the rostrum, Romney waved his hands in a quarterback waggle for silence, and the crowd subsided in an instant. "I assume you want me to do what would create real news," he said. It was intended to provoke spontaneous demands for him to announce on the spot, but the crowd missed the cue. Feeble applause. "In any event," Romney went on, "I'd better make up my mind fast." Small joke. The Governor plunged along: "I want to tell you that this is the first time Lenore has been out of the house since she fell in the bathroom." This seemed to demand amplification. "She didn't fall in the bathtub. She was in the bathroom, and she fell into the bathtub."

Romney summoned his family to the platform. "This is my oldest daughter Lynn—Mrs. Loren Keenan—and she really is doing her part in what they call the population explosion. Seven children—the oldest is nine—and she gets along without any help. Doing a great job. And here is my daughter Jane—Mrs. Bruce Robinson—and she's doing her part, too." (This produced a fine cheer, for daughter Jane, in a fawn maternity dress, appeared to be about six months along. She grinned.) "These are the newlyweds, Scott and Rona. I didn't think they were coming down from Harvard—their budget wouldn't allow it—but here they are. And Mitt would be here too, but he's in France, and couldn't get away from his missionary duties."

A few minutes later, the Romney clan filed out of the dining room, went up to the fifth floor, and met officially with the waiting press. It was the same Polar Bear Room where five and a half years ago he announced his candidacy for governor. Now, in a jungle of television tripods and a glare of lights, Romney seized a lectern and fixed the teleprompters with a steely eye.

"I have made my decision with great earnestness," he said. And no one could doubt it. "I am concerned about America." Lenore and the children, spellbound, were riveted to him. "The size and complexity of our national problems have bred a widespread sense of personal futility. We have begun to see acceptance of irresponsibility as a way of life. There is a growing aimlessness and flabbiness in our American society. . . ."

It was a good speech. Nine minutes long, soundly conservative, prudently

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liberal, wholly responsible. "In order of priority, it is more important to make our streets safe than to put a man on the moon. . . . We must restore the competitive principle, under which labor and business cooperate to serve the consumer first. . . . We must re-establish control over federal spending and perpetual deficits." Romney put himself firmly on record in favor of brotherhood, motherhood, and a just peace in Vietnam; he scorned crime, apathy, immorality and the fiscal mess.

No sarcasm is intended. These are the eternal verities that every candidate espouses. Romney is distinctive only in his salesman's approach. He sells verities as if he were selling sedans; his "New America" is the '68 model. Go on, he seems to be urging —drive her around the block a few times. He is a hood-thumper, a tire-kicker, a door-slammer. He was born to be number one in the salesmen's annual contest. He is green stamps, Tigerama, door prizes and the year-end bonus. His performance this Saturday morning was a first-rate performance, fresh from the sales manager's manual, well planned to launch a marketable product in a hotly competitive race. Yet it made no vivid impression on the visiting press. "What's the lead?" asked a man from the Gannett papers. "Fearless Fosdick runs again," said his seatmate. And the reporters trooped off to write their copy. Five thousand miles away, Harold Wilson devalued the British pound; and in the play of stories Sunday morning, Romney wound up number two.

II

The Romney story properly begins in New York State in the spring of 1830, when 26-year-old Joseph Smith Jr. founded the Mormon Church. Seven years earlier, according to church history, a heavenly messenger named Moroni had revealed to Smith the existence of certain gold plates, inscribed with divine revelations in an unknown tongue. Smith, though he was largely illiterate, miraculously translated these messages and produced from them the Book of Mormon, a record of the aboriginal inhabitants of the Western hemisphere from 600 B.C. to 400 A.D. This basic volume, plus the Old and New Testaments, plus subsequent revelations to the chief prophets of the church, constitute the body of theology on which Mormonism rests. The denominational body is known formally as the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, and members themselves are known as Saints.

An effective organizer, Smith soon rallied a group of followers who accepted his leadership. In search of a new Zion on earth, members of the sect wandered from New York to Missouri, Illinois and Utah. They were a frugal and industrious people, with a vast capacity for antagonizing their neighbors. Some of this animosity resulted from the Saints' strongly abolitionist view of slavery; and some resulted from the radical view of the marriage relationship as divinely revealed to Smith. Before his death at the hands of a Carthage mob in 1844, Smith had taken 44 wives.

Brigham Young, who adhered to Smith's polygamous precepts, succeeded to leadership of the Saints. He led them to Utah in 1847, by foot and wagon, along a trail of bloody hardship and martyrdom. Mormons are not quitters when the going gets tough. By 1870, the colony numbered more than eighty thousand. Among them were Miles and Elizabeth Gasnell Romney, who had been converted to Mormonism in England; they made the trek to Utah in 1850, bringing with them their seven-year-old son, Miles Park Romney.

The boy grew up in the Smith-Young faith. He married first at nineteen, again at thirty, again at 34, and yet again in his fifties. In 1883, when the Supreme Court upheld a federal statute banning polygamy, Miles Park Romney felt he could no longer remain in the United States. He was then living in St. Johns, Arizona. With his four wives and his many offspring—ultimately Miles Park Romney would have thirty children and 207 grandchildren—he fled to a Saints colony that had been established in Mexico.

Among the Romney children making the remove to Mexico was Gaskell Romney, who had been born in Utah in 1871 (some accounts say 1869). In 1895, as a young carpenter, Gaskell Romney married eighteen-year-old Anna Amelia Pratt. She also had been born in Utah, one of ten daughters of polygamous parents. On July 8, 1907, in Colonia Dublan, Chihuahua,

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Mexico, she gave birth to the fourth of five sons she would bear. The parents christened him George Wilcken Romney.

This background is important for two reasons. The first is that the Mormon faith plays a pervasive part in George Romney's life. He spent two years as a Mormon missionary; his two sons have fulfilled the same obligation; prior to his first election as governor in 1962, Romney served as president of the Saints' Detroit "stake"—in effect, as bishop of the Detroit diocese. If he wins the Republican nomination, he will be the most avowedly religious candidate since the fundamentalist Bryan last ran in 1908. The second reason, of course, goes to Romney's eligibility, under the Constitution, to run for President at all. But of this, more anon.

A Grim Boyhood

Romney retains a sharp memory of his boyhood in Mexico. He remembers the two-story brick house where he was born; he remembers his father's barn and mill and lumber yard. He had a pet pony; he remembers crying when guerrillas led the pony away. He especially remembers the rescue train that came down from El Paso when 3,300 Mormons fled to escape the revolutionary forces.

"The train had box cars, flat cars, chair cars—everything. Mother was expecting her sixth child, so she rode in one of the chair cars. I was only five, so I rode with her, and my three brothers had the fun of riding in a boxcar. In El Paso, poor as we were, I remember seeing my first movie and having my first piece of bakery bread. It tasted like cake. In 1940, when I went back to Chihuahua on a visit, everything was just as I remembered it."

The Romney family went through a bleak period. George's mother fashioned clothing from whatever material she could find. The children lived on "plain fare" and public welfare. After a few months in El Paso, the family moved to Los Angeles, where Gaskell Romney and his brother attempted to make a living as carpenters and small contractors. In 1913, they moved on to Idaho, to have a go at potato farming. The farm failed. In 1916, they returned to Salt Lake City, went broke again, and wandered back to Idaho. For a time, things improved, but the postwar recession toppled farm prices—and toppled Gaskell Romney's construction business with it. In the spring of 1921, the family moved once more to Salt Lake City. Lawrence, George's younger brother, had died of rheumatic fever.

It was a grim boyhood. At eleven, George took his first job, thinning sugar beets at a dollar a day. At fifteen, he and an older brother were put to work in home building; it remains a family joke that they were known as the "lightning lathers," and Romney still boasts that they could put up 3,000 laths a day. In Salt Lake City, he worked his way through Roosevelt Junior High School and the Latter-Day Saints' High School. There he met Lenore LaFount, and with typical Romney determination vowed to marry her and no one else. A year of study followed at the Saints' junior college.

In the winter of 1926, at 49, George's mother died of a cerebral hemorrhage. He was then eighteen. Under Mormon law, it was time for him to go abroad in the world, spreading the gospel. On October 22, he left Salt Lake City, a handsome boy, Bible in hand, looking older than his years. He arrived in Liverpool two weeks later, and took up his missionary tasks. It was his first real job in selling.

For two years, Romney worked door to door in the slums of London, Glasgow and Edinburgh. He passed out pamphlets. He sought converts in rocky Calvinist soil. In Hyde Park, he learned to cope with hecklers. It was rough going. "How many wives did Brigham Young have?" "Just enough that he didn't have to bother with any other man's wife," Romney replied. He was often discouraged. Once he wrote his father: "Having only four people at Sunday school was little to cheer one who is spending time and money to bring a gift to these people." But he stuck it out. In August of 1928, just after his 21st birthday, he was named president of the Mormons' Scottish district. Four months later, his mission ended. After a brief trip to Paris, he returned to Salt Lake City, enrolled in the University of Utah for the spring semester, and began to look to his own future.

In the meantime, Lenore's father had been named by President Coolidge to the Federal Radio Commission, forerunner of the FCC. She moved to Washington with the family. George followed in August of 1929. In September, he enrolled as a night-time sophomore in George Washington University; simultaneously, he took a daytime job at $120 a month in the office of Senator David I. Walsh of Massachusetts. After a single semester Romney's formal education came to an end. From time to time, the matter of his interrupted and abbreviated education comes up in conversation. Romney makes the same reply each time: "I don't think there is any college training that is a substitute for my religious training."

Protectionism Not the Answer

The work in Walsh's office soon absorbed his energies. The Smoot-Hawley tariff was then pending. Romney, at 22, became Walsh's chief assistant on tariff legislation. He attended sessions of the Senate Finance Committee, and several times sat with Walsh on the Senate floor. This was the Seventy-First Congress. At first hand, Romney formed impressions of some of the most colorful figures in the Congress—Black and Heflin of Alabama, Joe Robinson of Arkansas, Hiram Johnson of California, Walter George of Georgia. Borah was in the Senate then, and Alben Barkley, Arthur Vandenberg, Burton Wheeler, George Norris, Gerald Nye, Coleman Blease, Kenneth McKellar, Tom Connally, Carter Glass and Bob La-Follette. It was a brief but heady experience. In the course of the Smoot-Hawley fight, Romney developed a lasting antipathy to protectionism. "It isn't the answer," he says today. He also developed a yen for political life and public service. (It is widely speculated in Michigan that if Romney fails in his Presidential bid, he will run for the Senate in 1970 against Philip Hart.)

Lenore, meanwhile, had proved an unwilling customer. She moved from Washington to New York to attend an acting school. Offers followed from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and NBC. George rushed to New York with renewed proposals of marriage, but his salesmanship failed. Lenore headed for Hollywood. (She retains to this day the style and bearing and beauty

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of her days in the theater 35 years ago.)

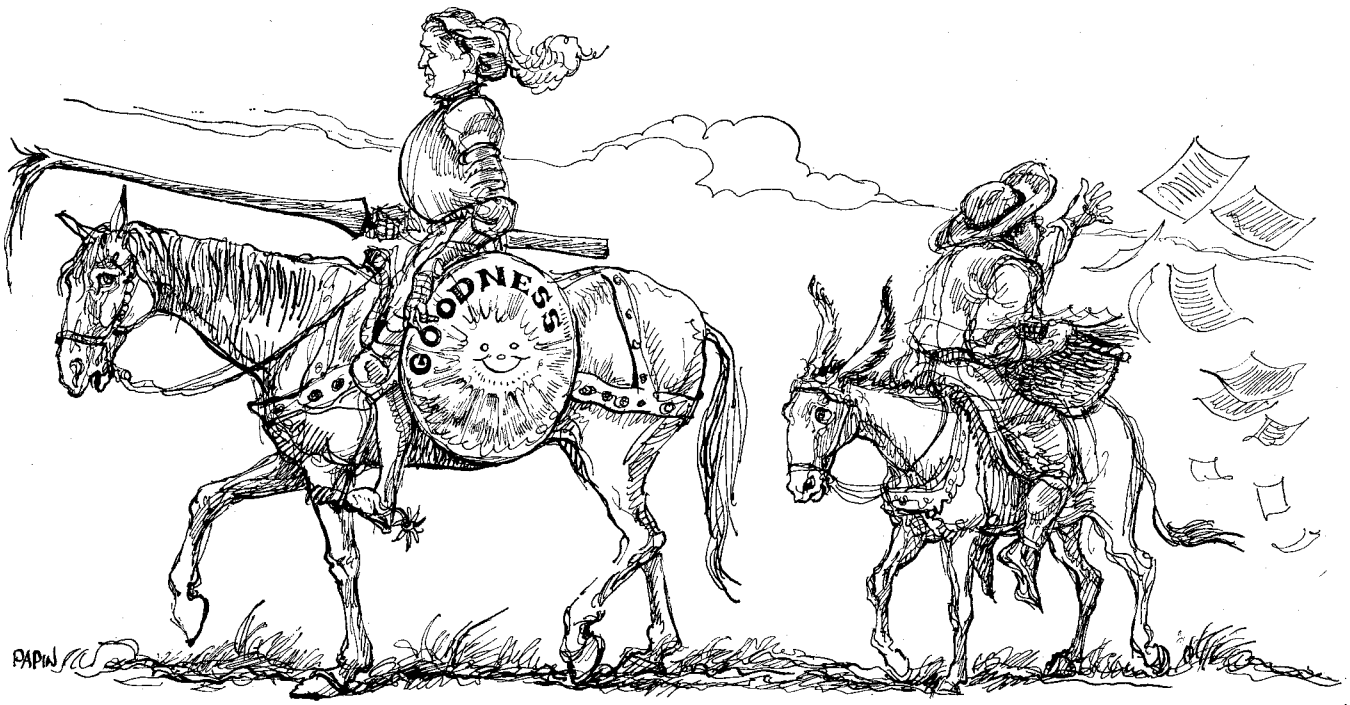
Romneys never give up. In the course of his work for Senator Walsh, Romney had met two top executives of the Aluminum Company of America, J.E.S. Thorpe and Safford K. Colby. They had asked him to prepare some tariff material for them. Romney produced such a detailed report that Thorpe and Colby offered him a job with Alcoa. They also held out the promise of a $250-a-month salary after a short apprentice period. With that kind of money, Romney imagined, he might yet persuade the adamant Lenore. In June of 1930 he resigned from Walsh's staff, moved to Kensington, Pennsylvania, for three months' training in the aluminum industry, and in mid-September won a sales assignment to Los Angeles. There at last he wooed and won. She gave up a three-year $50,000 contract. In July of 1931, just before his 24th birthday, George and Lenore were married.

She is today, in every way, the woman behind the successful man. Her tea-rose fragility belies a thorny toughness. William V. Shannon, in *Harper's,* has recalled an incident from the 1964 gubernatorial campaign, when Romney tangled in a rough exchange with his Democratic opponent, Neil Staebler. They belted each other with insults that got sharper as the evening wore along. When the meeting adjourned, Staebler came over to Romney to shake hands. Lenore fixed him with a gelid eye. "I want you to know," she said, "that my husband is the greatest man in the world." During the 1966 campaign, Lenore visited all of Michigan's 83 counties and made more than two hundred speeches in the Governor's behalf. Notably, Romney began his formal announcement on November 18 with a bouquet for her: "My wife is my earthly inspiration. She excels in eloquence, the poetry of words, empathy and graciousness." Persons close to the Governor were not surprised at the tribute. He looks upon marriage as a sacred institution and regards divorce with horror. The breakup of Nelson Rockefeller's marriage came as a stunning shock to him, and for a time threatened to cool the relationship between the two men.

The newlyweds lived in Santa Monica for only a couple of months before Alcoa transferred Romney to Washington as a lobbyist. One hears two versions of this period in Romney's life. His critics remark that Romney went to work for Alcoa with his eyes open, well knowing its status as a monopoly; they recall his enthusiastic labors in Alcoa's behalf (he once went to a Beaux-Arts ball clad as an aluminum knight). As long as he was on Alcoa's payroll, it is said, Romney saw nothing wrong with monopolies or with industrial bigness either. Critics charge that Romney left Alcoa in 1939 for one reason only —out of resentment that he had been passed over, in favor of Edward B. Wilbur, for the newly-created job of Washington office manager. Romney himself tells it differently.

"I was only a kid of 23 when I first went to Alcoa. I had a whole lot to learn—everything to learn—about the aluminum business and about business generally. After a few years, I began to believe that Alcoa's monopoly position was wrong, and could be defended only by policies of total public disclosure, as if the company were a public utility. Actually, the company's profit picture wasn't exorbitant, but there wasn't any competition; it *was* a monopoly; the antitrust laws were being ignored. I was getting more and more uncomfortable about it, and the Wilbur appointment was the final straw. I had earned the promotion, but they passed over me for reasons of seniority, not of merit. Other young fellows were being bypassed, too. So I left."

He departed Alcoa late in 1939 to accept a post as manager of the Detroit office of the Automobile Manufacturers Association. In January of 1940, at a salary of $12,000 a year, he became a citizen of Michigan. He was 33, the father of two daughters (Lynn, born in 1935, and Jane, born in 1938). Burning with zeal, he immersed himself in the automotive industry. Rom-



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ney's theory, his associates say, is that with concentrated study he can learn *anything* in a short time—aluminum, automobiles, appliances, Michigan's constitution, the war in Vietnam. Complexities dissolve. "The simple fact is that. . . ."

The World War II Years

War interrupted his quick-study. The automobile industry converted to war production, and early in 1942 Romney became head of the Automotive Council for War Production. A couple of months later, he moved to the top of the Automotive Manufacturers Association as general manager. The post ranks among the half-dozen top trade association positions in the country. Romney spent the war years commuting back and forth between Detroit and Washington as organizer, executive and liaison man. He led scrap-metal drives; he managed a census of tools and equipment; he played a strong supporting role in the industry's conversion to aircraft production. These were important tasks. Politically, however, it has not escaped notice that in this same period Nixon was a lieutenant commander in the Pacific, Reagan was in uniform as a stateside cavalry lieutenant (poor eyesight kept him from combat service), and Percy was an apprentice seaman and later a lieutenant, junior grade, in the Navy.

The Automotive Council for War Production folded up in October of 1945, having set an impressive record for production of tanks, machine guns, and aircraft engines. Romney returned to his regular trade association duties, managed a Golden Jubilee celebration for the automobile industry, and traveled to Geneva as an employer delegate to an international labor conference. He was thirty-eight years old, and restless to move up in the world.

Packard or Nash-Kelvinator?

Two opportunities came his way. In February 1948, Packard Motors offered him a vice-presidency with the promise of promotion to president, at $50,000, within two years. Simultaneously, Nash-Kelvinator offered him a post, bearing considerably smaller prospects, as assistant to company president George Mason. After a month of prayer and meditation, Romney took the latter offer. It was one of those decisions that suggest divine intervention. Packard was then in marvelously healthy condition; Romney would have been its top boss. Nash-Kelvinator faced an uncertain future, and Romney had no more than a vague promise from Mason to see what he could do after a year or so. As it turned out, Packard went out of existence as an independent company with the Studebaker merger of 1945; but early in that same year, Nash-Kelvinator merged with Hudson to form American Motors Company, and in October of 1954, George Mason died.

In the interim, as Mason's number-two man for six years, Romney piled up impressive credentials. Contrary to a widespread impression, Romney was not the idea-man behind the famous "compact car." This was Mason's obsession; Mason designed it, developed it, nourished it. The car that was to become the Rambler (Romney wanted to name it the Diplomat, to go with the Nash Ambassador) already was far along when Romney came with the company in 1948. By 1950, however, he had become the Rambler's chief promoter and salesman. He also had become the company's chief trouble shooter in labor negotiations. At the time of a bitter Kelvinator strike,

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spread over five and a half months in 1953, Romney took the company's appeal directly to the workers. "I am no college man," he wrote them. "I've laid floors, I've done lathing, I've been in the beet fields. I know what it is to do physical work."

He Inherits Rickety Throne

With Mason's death, Romney became president of the newly-formed AMC. He inherited a rickety throne. The company was encumbered with obsolete equipment, excessive inventory, a $70-million debt, a tradition of slipshod labor practices. Beyond question, Romney did a superlative job. He scrubbed out the Nash and Hudson lines, in order to concentrate on the Rambler alone. He launched a company-wide economy drive (there is one story, perhaps apocryphal, that he ordered bathroom tissues changed from rolls to single sheets). He fended off stock-raider Louis Wolfson by sheer salesmanship. Through an unprecedented profit-sharing contract, he built some of the best labor-management relations in the industry. He went through three more losing years, but in the final quarter of 1957, American Motors Company turned the corner with a profit.

Romney's super-salesmanship was only one of the factors in AMC's success. Critics say it was the least of the factors. Of much greater importance, it is said, is the fact that the Rambler emerged from its shakedown period just as the 1958 recession was reaching across the country. The time was right for an inexpensive car, and Rambler was a proven product. Sales jumped from 98,600 in 1957 to 199,000 in 1958, to 368,000 in 1959, and to 435,000 in 1960. A loss of $31 million in 1956-57 turned into a profit of $86 million in 1958-59.

It may be that Romney's chief contribution was to recognize an opportunity and to seize it. In any event, he made the Rambler famous, and made himself famous too. His handsome photograph adorned the company's ads. He traveled 70,000 miles a year, promoting the Rambler and denouncing the "gas-guzzling dinosaurs" of the major manufacturers. The dinosaur gimmick came from an editorial in the *Detroit News*, and some of the best promotion material was the work of speechwriter Howard Hallas, but the dynamic style was Romney's own. He wore a dinosaur tieclasp and made the dinosaur his trademark. His onetime associates and bosses of the AMA were not amused; they were even more offended when Romney trotted off to Washington one day in 1958 to make a paralyzing recommendation before a Senate committee: he proposed that antitrust laws be revised to prevent any company from occupying more than 35 per cent of the market.

The Rambler's peak year came in 1960. As the economy improved, and other manufacturers also turned to inexpensive lines, sales fell off to 380,000 in 1961. Romney resigned his $250,000 post as president of AMC in February of 1962. Since then the company has coasted steadily downhill. Romney is sorry about that. "After I left," he says, "they abandoned the policies that had worked. The concept is just as sound now as it was then. You just have to work at it."

With his departure from American Motors in 1962, Romney's business career came to an end. His political career had commenced five years earlier, in December of 1956, when he became chairman of the Detroit Citizens Advisory Committee on School Needs. The city's schools were in desperate trouble, for all the usual reasons—old buildings, poor salaries, low morale. In April of 1957, before Romney's committee had gotten well into its two-year study, Detroit voters rejected a $33-million bond issue for new classrooms.

The Well-Identified Crusader

Again, Romney was the salesman and the sparkplug. His 270-member committee produced an impressive report. In the spring of 1959, Detroit voters reversed themselves and voted $60 million in school bonds plus $30 million in new taxes for school purposes. The success stimulated Romney to further public service as chairman of "Citizens for Michigan," a nonpartisan organization put together to study statewide problems of taxation and government. Romney summoned the group into being just three weeks after Michigan's notorious "payless payday." (Some time later, it became evident that this "cash crisis" was largely sham—the state had the money —but the event had a galvanic effect in Michigan.) Out of his labors with CFM came Romney the governor, and Romney the Presidential hopeful.

The CFM study led to Romney's first real acquaintance with state government. The more he looked, the more he found himself appalled by the depths of the Lansing bureaucracy. Michigan's constitution had both state and local governments strait-jacketed. Business taxes were too high to compete with the tax structures of neighboring states, yet revenues totally were too low. Romney tackled the problems with characteristic energy. Others, of course, were struggling with these same problems; the CFM's leadership was one of many forces working toward reform. In the end, however, it was Romney who emerged as the well-identified crusader. His picture appeared on *Time*'s cover. His name was constantly in the papers. It was hard to avoid his speeches, for he was speaking all the time.

How Much of a Republican?

The vigorous activities of 1960 led to a referendum in April of 1961 on the calling of a state constitutional convention. It was a close call, but CFM's campaign prevailed by a margin of 23,000 votes in more than a million cast. In October of 1961, the 144-member convention began its work. Romney had been elected a delegate from Oakland County by a gratifying 3-1 landslide, and confidently expected to be named president of the convention. It was a stinging blow to his ego when he wound up as merely one of three vice-presidents.

It was a blow to his political ambitions also. These had been growing for months within his breast. Until this very day, and hour, and minute, as Kipling once remarked of the elephant's child, the satiable Romney had been among the most anonymous Republicans of them all. In May of 1960, indeed, he had categorically disavowed affiliation: "I am not currently a Republican. I was, but I'm not now." He had undertaken his labors as head of the school committee, and as chairman of CFM, with fervent disclaimers of partisan aspirations. When the constitutional convention got under way, he was at most an

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"Oakland County Republican." No one was more earnest in pleading for a non-partisan spirit than Romney. It was therefore a considerable shock when he announced, on Dec. 3, 1961, that he was giving serious thought to running for governor in 1962.

In retrospect, Romney's announcement seems less startling. He had been widely talked up in 1960 as a possible opponent for Democratic Senator Pat McNamara, and had resisted the temptation with some difficulty. Even earlier, in 1958, a citizens' committee had been organized to draft him for the gubernatorial race. But Romney had so carefully soft-pedaled the political tune that his openly expressed ambition to run as a Republican for governor, at a time when he was serving as a nonpartisan vice president of the nonpartisan convention, seemed a breach of promise. The memory lingers among the Governor's critics in Michigan.

'Lonesome George'

Within a few weeks, Romney left another sour impression in his wake. No one who knew Romney doubted that his mind was made up: he was going to run. Nevertheless, Romney sought to create the impression that he still had not reached a decision. In early February of 1962, a string of publicity releases left it all to God: Romney would spend a night in fast and prayer, seeking divine guidance. When the appointed time ran out, sure enough, God told him to run. The apocalyptic effect was somewhat dashed when son Mitt, then fourteen, gave an honest answer to a *Detroit News* reporter. When had his daddy decided to run? Daddy had decided at dinner before the fast began, and had so informed the family. Gus Scholle, president of the Michigan AFL-CIO, called it "the greatest anticlimax to a phony stunt I've ever seen."

The constitutional convention was still in session. Romney subsided until its adjournment in May. Meanwhile, in private, he undertook to soothe the state's so-called "Neanderthals," the rural Republican senators who exercised a veto power in the upper chamber. With abundant reason, they regarded his Republicanism as suspect; they disliked some of his views on business and labor; and they abhorred his espousal of a state income tax. In the end, they accepted him—they had no one else—and they wanted badly to win.

Romney did not wage his 1962 campaign as a Republican. The word never appeared in his campaign literature. His one foray into intra-party affairs proved a disaster: he attempted to purge Richard Durant, a John Birch Society member who was leader of the Fourteenth District, and suffered a humiliating rebuff for his pains. "If you re-elect that man," he said, "you will have repudiated me." The district's voters took him at his word; they re-elected Durant. Romney swallowed his chagrin with poor grace. He still despises Durant, and Durant, a chunky, phlegmatic pro, despises him. During the campaign, Romney took all the help he could get from Republicans, but he relied primarily upon his "Romney Volunteers," a corps of disenchanted Democrats who were fed up with lackluster Governor John Swainson.

Romney ran as "Lonesome George." With Lenore at his side, he campaigned indefatigably, morning to late at night, six days a week. On the seventh he rested. "I will pull the beast from the mire," he says, "but Sundays are for God, for home and family." He turned up at factory gates, supermarkets, residential headquarters. He donned wooden shoes for a tulip festival. On Labor Day, he barged uninvited into a large union parade and rally at the Michigan State Fairgrounds. That evening he became an uninvited guest at a Muskegon Labor Council picnic. His bell-ringing tours through Detroit neighborhoods became a local joke. The *Free Press* quoted a housewife: "I told my husband George Romney was coming up the sidewalk and he told me I must be crazy and that I'd better go back to bed." It was no joke when the votes were counted. Romney beat Swainson in November by an 80,000 margin in a total vote of 2,765,000. He was the only Republican to win major statewide office.

His run for re-election in 1964 was in some ways a repeat performance. Once again, Romney ran as an almost invisible Republican. When Goldwater came campaigning in Michigan, Romney uncomfortably introduced him simply as "the Republican nominee," and not, as tradition demands, as "the next President of the United States!" Repeatedly, he brushed off questions of national party loyalty with the enigmatic statement that he "accepted but did not endorse" the Arizonan. Again, he relied upon Romney Volunteers. He pursued the same exhausting personal schedule. And in November, though Lyndon Johnson swamped Barry Goldwater in Michigan, Romney won going away. He claimed 56 per cent of the vote, and defeated Staebler by 383,000. Once more, it was a personal triumph: he carried not a single Republican with him.

Less Impressive Second Term

In many other ways, Romney's 1964 campaign differed totally from 1962. This time he was defending a remarkable record of his own at Lansing. The Romney Rambler luck had held. It was not Romney's genius alone that pulled Michigan's finances out of the mess of the Williams-Swainson administrations. By good fortune, Romney came into the governor's office just as an economic upswing developed, marked especially by soaring automobile sales. Yet Romney rightfully could claim credit for a series of sweeping reforms in state operations. His energetic efforts may have been the decisive factor in the voters' eyelash ratification of the new constitution he had helped to draft. He demonstrated an astonishing ability to get along with city Democrats and upstate Neanderthals. He won approval of a frugal, hold-the-line budget for 1963-64 that was a model of conservative austerity. He failed only in his tax program. Even Romney's articulate opponents tend to express respect for his first term at Lansing.

The visitor to Michigan will find sharp disagreement on the merits of Romney's second term (1964-66). Romney had gone into office in the first place on an "economy" appeal. Though he will not stand still and be labeled, Romney describes himself as a "fiscal conservative." But by February of 1965, the *Detroit Free Press*, ordinarily friendly, was remarking that "far from being a skinflint, Romney is fast becoming the spendingest governor in Michigan's history." The increase in state outlays, the news-

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paper conceded, "is partially due to the state's unprecedented prosperity and the budget surplus, but there were prosperous times and surpluses under Williams." Under Romney, state spending leaped from his frugal $523 million of 1963-64 to more than one billion dollars in 1966-67. Over a span of five years, the Romney appropriations show an increase of 120 per cent, far in excess of growth in population. And while it is true that, in some cases, the Democrat-dominated legislature boosted outlays beyond Romney's recommendations, he never made a serious issue of the spending hikes. In 1967, he pushed through a program of fiscal reform and tax increases that will push Michigan's revenues—and spending—to still more startling levels in the 1968-70 period.

The criticisms of Romney's second term failed to impress Michigan voters in the 1966 election. This time Romney ran as an openly avowed Republican. He pleaded for a "Romney Republican team." He ran so successfully that he swamped his Democratic opponent, Zolton Ferency, with better than 60 per cent of the vote. More significantly, he swept dozens of Republicans into office with him. Robert Griffin defeated Soapy Williams for the Senate. Five House seats switched back to Republican hands in a reversal of the '64 debacle. The state legislature, which had been two-thirds Democratic, wound up in Republican hands. It was a Romney spectacular. Overnight, the 1966 victory made Romney a hot prospect for the Presidential nomination in 1967. On November 18, oblivious to the icy rain outside the veterans' hall, the Rambler put his hardest campaign into gear.

III

It is entirely possible that Romney's drive for the White House may grind to a constitutional halt at the first intersection. Prior to the November 18 announcement, only a handful of constitutional lawyers had remarked upon the relationship of Romney's birth in Mexico to the dimly perceived command of Article II, section 1, clause 5, of the U.S. Constitution. The material language reads:

> No person except a natural born Citizen . . . shall be eligible to the Office of President.

With Romney openly in the race, the question that now takes on a suddenly critical meaning is simply this: Is he a "natural born citizen" within the meaning of the Constitution?

The requirement carries at least as much weight as the companion requirements that a President shall have attained the age of thirty-five years and been fourteen years a resident within the United States. If Romney is not such a "natural born citizen," he is no more eligible for the American Presidency than Ringo Starr, the British virtuoso. He is absolutely barred. This is a threshold question; and persons who love the Constitution more than they love the Governor may be forgiven a hope that the matter is put to the test of a declaratory judgment before the ballots are printed in New Hampshire.

The question never has been presented to the courts. It stirred public attention briefly a few years ago, when Christian Herter's name was mentioned as a Presidential possibility; Herter was born in Paris. The matter cropped up again with speculation on Franklin D. Roosevelt Jr., who was born on Campobello Island, in Canadian waters. Congressman Emanuel Celler, chairman of the House Judiciary Committee, raised the question as to Romney in a television interview in May of 1967. After substantial research, he said, he had concluded merely that "it is a matter shrouded with a great deal of uncertainty—it is a wide open question." Celler became absorbed with the question, much as a man might become absorbed with a problem in chess. Several months later, he contributed to a running symposium conducted by the prestigious *New York Law Journal*.

"The only thing that remains beyond doubt," wrote Celler, "is that the language of the Presidential qualification clause is doubtful. No legislation ever has dealt with it directly; no court, state or federal, has had the opportunity to pass upon it."

Celler raised the issue, he said, "only because I have a deep and abiding concern as a lawyer and a congressman for the prevalence of that legal certainty which is the hallmark of a constitutional system of government." If the question is to be resolved, he added, some appropriate court must evaluate a dozen factors—the intent of the framers of 1787, the

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bearing of the English common law, the meaning of the Naturalization Act of 1790 and subsequent acts, the opening clause of the Fourteenth Amendment, the decisional law in related areas, and the opinions of various British and American scholars. A preliminary weighing of these factors had convinced him only that "one can quite respectably emerge with an answer on either side."

Eligibility Is Serious Question

Romney himself tends to brush the matter impatiently aside. Sometimes he turns it with a joke: A few years ago he encountered the son of the midwife who had delivered him in 1907 in Mexico, and "she had told him my birth was wholly natural." He feels there is "no question whatever of my eligibility."

In this view, he is supported by eminent counsel. Reporters who inquire at Romney headquarters are provided with an opinion by Eustace Seligman of Sullivan and Cromwell, New York. Seligman says flatly that "since Governor George Romney was a United States citizen by blood from birth, he is a natural born citizen and therefore eligible to be President." He regards it as "well settled" that at the time the Constitution was framed, the term "natural born," as a matter of Anglo-Saxon law, included "not only all those born within the territorial limits of England or of the Colonies, but likewise all those who were citizens at birth, wherever their birthplace might be." Seligman supports his argument with various dictionary definitions, citations from Blackstone, and interpretations of British and American statutes. His memorandum is reasoned and persuasive.

Yet the arguments advanced by other scholars against Romney's eligibility may strike many constitutional buffs as even more reasoned and persuasive. Two such papers merit close study. One is a paper prepared by Pickney G. McElwee, of the District of Columbia Bar, published in the Congressional Record of June 14 at H7255-60. The other is a two-part article prepared by Isidor Blum, former professor of constitutional law at New York Law School and now a contributing editor of the *New York Law Journal*; his articles appeared in the *Journal* October 16 and 17, 1967.

Both McElwee and Blum make the same points, though they rely upon somewhat different authorities. It is manifest, in their view, that the framers of Article II wished to convey a precise legal meaning by "natural born citizen." Elsewhere in the Constitution, the framers had been content simply with "citizen of the United States." Thus, a member of the House must have been "seven years a citizen of the United States." A member of the Senate must have been "nine years a citizen of the United States." When the first draft of the key provision came before the Philadelphia convention on August 22, 1767, it was proposed that a President must be "a citizen of the United States and an inhabitant thereof for 21 years." But the draft language was amended in committee. When the clause came back on September 4, a tighter requirement had been substituted. A President must be a "natural born citizen" and "fourteen years a resident."

Why this deliberate change from "citizen" to "natural born citizen"? McElwee and Blum argue convincingly that the lawyers who made this emendation had a precise legal meaning in mind. They meant to convey what was popularly meant by "native born citizen," but they chose their words in the light of both the common and the statutory law of England. Blum's careful tracing of the English law is especially impressive.

The two authors also rely heavily upon the history of American statutes in the field. Under the Constitution, Congress was vested with power "to establish a uniform rule of naturalization." Pursuant to this authority, Congress has adopted a series of relevant naturalization laws. The first of these, in 1790, provided that "children of citizens of the United States, that may be born beyond sea, or out of the limits of the United States, shall be considered natural born citizens." Five years later, at the behest of James Madison, this language was repealed and rewritten; the words "natural born" were carefully deleted. The language of the 1795 act is that children of U.S. citizens born out of the limits and jurisdiction of the United States "shall be considered as citizens of the United States." The identical language was re-adopted in revisions of 1802. In 1855, when the law was further amended, Congress provided that such children "shall be deemed and considered and hereby declared to be citizens of the United States." Revisions of 1907 and 1917 left the language essentially unchanged.

Each of these acts was titled, "An Act to Provide a Uniform Rule of Naturalization." It is on the existing law that Romney necessarily relies. In the view of McElwee and Blum, the conclusion is plain. Even if the original language of 1795 had been retained (and it has long since been repealed), Romney could not legally be regarded as a native born, or natural born, citizen of the United States; at best, he would be "deemed to be," or "considered to be," or "declared to be" natural born; that is, he would be naturalized. In sum, says McElwee:

> A natural born citizen of the United States, as that term is used in the Constitution, means a citizen born within the territorial limits of the United States at the time of such birth . . . I find no proper legal or historical basis on which to conclude that a person born outside of the United States could ever be eligible to occupy the Office of President of the United States. In other words, in my opinion, Mr. George Romney of Michigan is ineligible to become President of the United States because he was born in Mexico and is, therefore, not a natural born citizen as required by the United States Constitution.

Professor Blum concurs:

> One who is born (within the United States) is a citizen by reason of that fact. He is a native born citizen, or, in the language of Article II of the Constitution, a "natural born citizen." One who is born in a foreign country to American parents is likewise a citizen from the time of his birth, but he is a citizen by virtue of a naturalization statute. He is, that is to say, a naturalized citizen.

From all of the foregoing, this much at least is evident: the question of Romney's eligibility is a serious constitutional question, on which respectable authorities are sharply divided. Both Representative Celler and Professor Blum have suggested various means by which a binding judicial interpretation could be sought. For good or ill, the matter should not be left in limbo.

Assuming that Romney gets across this threshold, what can be said of

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his prospects for winning the nomination and later for winning the election?

Some of the Governor's assets already have been suggested. At sixty he is a handsome, aggressive, dynamic personality. He comes on the national scene at a moment when the country is experiencing a profound revulsion against crime, immorality, hippies, beatniks, radicals, and ministers who forsake the gospel in favor of pacifist foreign policy. Romney presents the image of a deeply religious man, devoted to his family, a non-smoker, a non-drinker, a man whose vocabulary of expletives is limited to "cockeyed" and "doggone." Such an image may have a large appeal.

Labor, Negroes Like Romney

Beyond these personal characteristics lies a record, however it may be challenged, of demonstrated success in business and in public affairs. The Governor has considerable appeal to the Negro and to labor. Though his Mormon Church excludes Negroes from its priesthood ("the Lord set a mark upon Cain . . . and the seed of Cain were black"), Romney has an excellent record in civil rights. He once marched through Grosse Pointe with Martin Luther King; he has fought for a state open occupancy housing law, and urged such an enactment at the federal level. In Michigan, he has sponsored a minimum wage law and a major boost in unemployment compensation benefits.

Romney also has conservative appeal. He repeatedly attacks "overcentralization, conformity, manipulated consensus, and arbitrary unchecked power." In April of 1967, at Williamsburg, he called on the Federal Government "to correct the basic monopolistic flaw in our labor laws, to restore the competitive principle, and then to rely on competitive discipline." He has joined others in urging a system by which substantial federal revenues are returned to the states with no strings attached, so that states can do a better job of meeting their responsibilities.

Romney's personal attractiveness and his dual political appeal are supplemented by his record as a campaigner and vote-getter. He increased his victory margin in each of his three campaigns as a Republican in predominantly Democratic Michigan. In 1966, he gave an eye-opening exhibition of the coat-tail effect of his popularity. He is a tough campaigner, experienced in the underdog's role. He has the money in sight to wage an intensive fight. On paper, at least, all this adds up to a candidacy that is just as Richard Nixon described it: "formidable."

Yet Romney's liabilities, it has to be suggested, are greater than his assets. The cookbooks spell out the first ingredient for rabbit stew: first catch the rabbit. Before the country considers Romney the candidate, the GOP must first agree to Romney the nominee. And this could come about only over the lingering, unforgiving opposition of several hundred Republican convention delegates who will remember in 1968 the Romney of 1964.

The chronology of the Romney-Goldwater falling-out of 1964 goes back to September of 1963—this is the Romney version—when Romney "expressed concern about my lack of understanding of your views on several matters which I regarded as vitally important." As Romney tells it, he sought repeatedly to have a private conference with Goldwater on these issues. He got nothing but second-hand messages and hand-out material. Late in June of 1964, Goldwater came to Lansing for a visit, but Romney was affronted: "You arrived half an hour late for your meeting with our delegation . . . I did not regard that relatively open meeting as an appropriate place for me to express to you my concerns. The meeting ended, and, without saying anything about your failure to arrive on time or of our long-sought 'discussion in depth,' you left."

Romney then decided it was "futile to try further before San Francisco," but "my efforts to bring about circumstances under which I could support the ticket continued." These efforts proved unavailing. The San Francisco convention came into session. Romney had his own ideas of what the platform should say on extremism and civil rights; the platform committee and the convention rejected his ideas. Goldwater accepted the nomination with his famous defense of extremism in defense of liberty. Shortly thereafter came the well-remembered Hershey conference of party leaders, at which Goldwater sought to explain his position to Romney's satisfaction. Romney proved impossible to satisfy. Romney had drafted some statements he wanted Goldwater to make. Goldwater declined to make them in the form that Romney suggested. The meeting broke up, and Romney went home in a sulk: "For these philosophical, moral and strategic reasons, I was never able to endorse you during the campaign."

Early in December of 1964, a few weeks after the debacle, Romney appeared on TV's "Face the Nation." Goldwater happened to be watching the show, out in Phoenix. Some of Romney's answers gave him a slow burn. Romney had said, at one point, that "we [Republicans] need to become inclusive rather than exclusive." On December 6, Goldwater fired off a letter to Romney. This letter, and Romney's reply of December 21, became public two years later. Goldwater's friends are well supplied with copies. Barry wrote in part:

> I am confused about your language: "We need to become inclusive rather than exclusive." Who was it, in 1960, that pleaded with all Republicans, regardless of their philosophical bent, to work under the tent of the Republican Party to elect Dick Nixon? If you don't remember, it was me. Now, let's get to 1964 and ask ourselves who it was in the Party who said, in effect, if I can't have my way I'm not going to play: One of these men happens to be you. . . .
>
> At the end of your interview, you spoke of your great fear of the centralization of governmental power in Washington. And I must remind you that I have been warning of this for many years. But where were you, George, when the chips were down and the going was hard? I don't claim for one moment that had you, Governor Smylie, Governor Rockefeller, Senator Keating, Senator Javits, etc. supported me, I would have won. But I can tell you that many rank-and-file Republicans got a bad taste in their mouths when they saw leaders of their own Party failing to support a national ticket.

The "sour taste" that Goldwater described has not vanished since the fall of 1964. Romney's feeble efforts to gloss over the matter have done almost more harm than good. On the "Face the Nation" show of November 19, 1967, the day after he announced his candidacy, Romney was asked why he had withdrawn his

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support from Goldwater in 1964. He made a flabbergasting reply: "I did not withdraw support from Barry Goldwater." It was a matter of semantics. His point presumably was that he had "accepted but did not endorse." Romney is acquiring a reputation for such semantic razzle-dazzle. He once denied, in Michigan, that he supported a state income tax; what he supported was "fiscal reform." The palpable facts are that Romney did support an income tax, and he did refuse to support Goldwater. One wonders, sometimes, just what familiar words mean to the governor of Michigan.

The Big Brainwash

This wonderment reached national proportions early in September of 1967, when Romney turned up on a Detroit television show. The commentator recalled Romney's trip to Vietnam in 1965, in the company of other governors. Said Romney: "I just had the greatest brainwashing that anyone can get when you go over to Vietnam, not only by the generals but also by the diplomatic corps over there, and they do a very thorough job."

In a matter of hours, commentators across the country were remarking acidulously that it certainly took a long time for George to get his brain back from the laundry. The trip was in the spring of 1965. Not long after his return, Romney described the U.S. commitment in Vietnam as "morally right and necessary." Three months after the trip, he visited the White House, and emerged with an endorsement of the Johnson policy. Eight months after the purported brainwash, he was saying on a Washington television panel that installations around Haiphong should be bombed.

Reporters got in touch with other governors who had made the 1965 trip—Bellmon of Oklahoma, Chafee of Rhode Island, Hoff of Vermont, Sanders of Georgia. None of them felt brainwashed. Secretary McNamara commented tartly that "I don't think Governor Romney can recognize the truth when he sees it." Goldwater got in a word that summed it up: "When you admit that you can be brainwashed, you're in trouble."

Romney *is* in trouble, and it is his own fuzziness that has put him there. Wholly apart from his other difficulties, the Governor's distressing inability to address himself coherently to major issues serves to relegate him to the minor leagues. It is what the *Detroit News*, once his strongest admirer, describes as his habit of "blurt and retreat." So long as Romney carefully memorizes the foreign policy statements prepared for him by his staff, he is all right. His addresses at Dartmouth and at Hartford in the fall of 1967 had at least the virtues of orderly syntax, though even these had aerofoam touches: "In my view, there will not be a solution to the Vietnam mess until we have a carefully, thoroughly developed over-all plan which accommodates and coordinates the various aspects of the problem." When he escapes from his staff, he falls into:

> If this conflict really involves the question of our stopping Communism, the international Communist conspiracy, and stopping it in South Vietnam, if this conflict is really being supported by the Red Chinese and the Russians, and if this really is naked Communism, international conspiracy, then I think we have to weigh the question of how far, how much, we can escalate without their continuing to escalate if they agree that that's the real issue in Vietnam.

That was Romney before a Town Hall audience in Los Angeles many months ago. The Governor demonstrated on November 19, 1967, sad to say, that he had failed to improve. David Broder of the *Washington Post*, who questioned him on "Face the Nation," accurately summarized Romney's elucidation of what should be done in Vietnam: We should seek the neutralization of South Vietnam by first rooting out the guerrilla infrastructure and then withdrawing American troops, thus permitting the Vietnamese people to work out their own destiny through a voluntary, problem-solving application of universal moral values.

As Broder has remarked elsewhere, Romney's three meetings with the press at Governors' Conferences have resulted, respectively, in small, medium and large disasters. James Marlow, columnist for the Associated Press, puzzled in December of 1966 over typical Romneyisms. The Governor had urged "voluntary associations for cooperation action centers, private enterprises for competitive action centers, state and local governments for locally oriented action centers close to control by the people." What did it all mean? Richard Strout, of the *Christian Science Monitor*, has recalled Romney's explaining how he would deal with statism: "You deal with it by bringing our laws up to date and reflecting our basic proven principle in this country, because we have proven unique principles. This country is distinct and unique." It was said with immense fervor. But what did it mean?

It is a regrettable thing to say, but the longer one reviews the Romney record, and watches the gentleman in action, the more one is driven to the conclusion that the Governor is essentially a reciter of lines. I began to form this impression on the afternoon of Friday, November 18, after I returned from a morning interview with the Governor at his home in Bloomfield Hills. He talked at length of his views on business, labor, competition, and the perils of centralization. A few hours later, I happened to be reading a friendly biography of Romney, written by Duane Angel. It was astonishing to discover that Romney's answers of the morning were precisely the quotations attributed to him in Angel's book, down to the sentence, the subordinate clause, the very word.

The impression was confirmed the following day, when Romney made his formal announcement of candidacy. At one point in his prepared text, he spoke of the frustrations of Vietnam: "Time and again we have been taken toward the mountain top of hope only to fall back into the crevices of sickening reality." That afternoon he went to tape the "Face the Nation" show. The matter came up again, and Romney's mind responded on cue. Up he went to the mountain top of hope, only "to fall back to sickly"—the noble brow furrowed; he didn't have the line exactly right—"ah, to sickening reality."

The impression, sad to say, is that Romney's grasp of great issues is fearfully weak. The fundamentalist aspects of his religion may have rubbed off on a fundamentalist view of political philosophy. Thus, the Governor is satisfied to predicate advocacy of open housing laws upon the Declaration of Independence; questions of the constitutional powers of Congress under the Constitution, of

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protected property rights, of conflicting values, seem never to have entered his mind. A Detroit newspaperman, reflecting upon these characteristics, told me that "Romney is like a man who dreams of a transcontinental railway, Chicago to Peoria or bust." His point was that Romney tends to deal with situations with no deep understanding of where a policy has come from, or where he wants it to go. Taken one at a time, his statements have a kind of Glo-coat dazzle; but there often seems to be little underneath.

Temper, Temper

Romney's lamentable fuzziness is accompanied by an even more regrettable temper. Every writer who has dealt with Romney seems to have commented on it. William T. Noble, writing in the *Detroit News* early in 1967, spoke of the Governor's "Vesuvian temper that erupts as suddenly as summer thunder, and then fades as quickly." William Shannon, in *Harper's,* remarked that Romney's Puritan repressions find release "in a temper with a very short fuse. When frustrated, he stamps his feet or petulantly turns his back." Arthur Edson has quoted a Democrat in Michigan: "We had an argument shortly after he took office. A change came over him that was absolutely frightening. His knuckles went white. He lost control of himself. There's something in this man's makeup that gives him the knowledge that he is doing right and that those who oppose him are apostles of the devil." The *Detroit Free Press* has defined Romney's chief weakness as "a propensity to lose his temper." Duane Angel tells the story of Romney's conduct at the Michigan constitutional convention, when the presidency was denied him: "He lost his temper and alienated many of his fellow delegates." Gerald O. Plas, in his new book, *The Romney Riddle,* writes vividly of Romney's "ill-tempered snits."

Even astrologer June Lowe has marked the phenomenon. In working up the Romney horoscope, she discovered virtues that not even Lenore has yet perceived, for example, that with Sun in Cancer, the Governor is "very fond of anything to do with the arts." But when she got to Sun in opposition to Mars, it appeared that Romney "can make other people very angry with him," and "has a tendency to fiery temper." Perhaps, after all, it is merely the unfortunate conjunction of the Sun with Uranus, as of 1907, that made the Governor "rebellious, obstinate, and persistent." His aides say the temper these days is well under control; the Governor is only "intense."

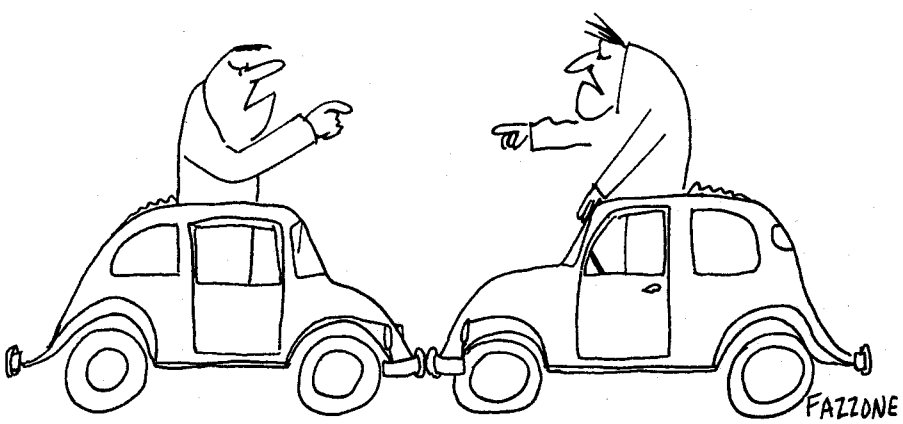
Whatever the causes, Romney heads into the campaign with a reputation as an argumentative finger-jabber, a lapel-grabber, and a fist-pounder. He is the salesman who *knows* he offers the finest product. He can barely tolerate resistance. Outright opposition puts him in a rage. When some of the Neanderthal senators disagreed with his policies on reapportionment, Romney denounced them as "political Quislings who sold out to the opposition." He delivered this charge, reported the *News,* "in a quivering, emotion-filled voice." On another occasion, in a press interview, Romney spoke of President Johnson's "political expediency." Would he give some examples, the reporter asked? No, he would not. Why not? "Because I choose not to."

This propensity toward imperiousness apparently goes back a long way. Duane Angel tells the family anecdote, in his biography, of a time when Romney's mother became irritated by George's incessant rectitude. "Did it ever occur to you," she asked her precocious son, "that you might not always be right?" George acknowledged the possibility. But the next afternoon, Romney once again was instructing his brothers. "In my opinion," he began—and saw his mother looking at him. He revised the sentence: "In my humble, but nevertheless *correct,* opinion. . ."

The story has the ring of truth. One's impression of Romney today is that he is a man who always is charging the net. When ordinary men are still in restful slumber, he is out running around the golf course. Other men may eat two-martini luncheons; the Governor carries his sandwich and milk to his office in a Dopp kit. Ordinary men have likes and dislikes in food, and sometimes they take a flier in exotic dishes. Not the governor of Michigan. Mrs. Elizabeth Boyd, his cook and housekeeper, says that the Governor "eats anything, but mainly roast beef, vegetables, potatoes, and apple pie for dessert." Ordinary men, slicing off the tee, will let fall a damn or hell. Not George. Doggone, he says. Most men sixty or thereabouts have a bulge around the middle. Not George. Most men tend to get a little rumpled as a day wears on. Not George: he is regularly numbered among the nation's best-dressed men. Most men, gazing upon a garden, scarcely would know a petunia from a pansy; Romney tends his own garden, and knows every plant by botanical name.

Why did the people of Athens turn upon Aristides? Had he done them injury? "None at all," a voter explained. "I don't even know the man. But I am tired of hearing him everywhere called the Just." And so, in a way, it is with Romney. About the worst that can be said of the Governor, his fuzziness and short temper to one side, is that he once got arrested for speeding; he has no discernible interest in art or literature; his taste in music ends with "Stout-Hearted Men." Michigan's Secretary of State Jim Hare once probed at the Governor's complexities: "If there's one thing that worries me about him it is that he has no vices. Personally I think that's his greatest weakness."

(Continued on page 1396)



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Letter From London

High Price of Socialism

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

Time and again during the past three years Harold Wilson declared that the pound would not be devalued, that this was not the solution to Britain's problems. The Chancellor of the Exchequer said the same thing only a few weeks ago, adding that devaluation would mean a cut in the standard of living for everybody in Britain. Lesser Ministers were still saying it just before the pound *was* devalued.

Mr. Wilson promptly made a very characteristic speech on television, exhorting, hectoring, boasting. He played down the suffering and disruption which devaluation must inevitably cause, and blamed the need for it on the Conservatives, the dock strike, the blocking of the Suez Canal, speculators—on everyone, in fact, except his own government.

His followers in the parliamentary Labor Party seem to have swallowed this nauseating concoction of soft soap, and to believe that, thanks to their brave farsighted leaders, Britain is now on a sure road to prosperity, which will bring the votes flooding back to them. But I doubt, this time, if many other people were taken in.

The general mood is one of stunned resentment. The man in the street doesn't accept for a moment that Britain's economic troubles are, in any sense, his fault. He blames the politicians—and, on the whole, justly; for, though it's true that the average Briton saves less and produces less than his counterpart in other industrialized countries, these failures are themselves largely the fruit of government policy, of taxation which removes all incentive and of labor laws which cosset the unions.

The day after devaluation was announced, the crowd in Downing Street chanted "Wilson out!" and an egg was thrown at the Chancellor (it missed, unfortunately). The press, including the *Daily Mirror*, which is—or used to be—the Labor Party's most important champion in Fleet Street, was more bitterly scornful and hostile than I can ever remember. If there were a General Election tomorrow, there could be no doubt of the result. The Labor Party would be massacred.

But, of course, there isn't going to be a General Election tomorrow. Nothing short of an atomic bomb will get Harold Wilson out of Downing Street before he has to go—and he doesn't have to call an election until the spring of 1971. What he's hoping is that the pain of devaluation will have been forgotten before the election comes, and that the relapse—if there is one—will not yet have taken place.

Devaluation is a gamble, both politically and economically. Myself, I'd bet against its coming off. I doubt if British manufacturers, with a depressed home market and higher costs, really will be able to export so very much more. I doubt if the unions, faced with a big jump in prices and already impatient after a long period of squeeze and freeze, can be restrained from demanding wage increases which, within eighteen months or so, will have consumed all the advantages of devaluation. And, most of all, I doubt if international confidence in the pound can be restored while Mr. Wilson remains Prime Minister.

A Breather Only

Devaluation itself solves nothing; it just buys a breathing space. There are no signs that the government means to use this breathing space for any of the things which need to be done. On the contrary, all the measures so far announced, or threatened, go in quite the wrong direction—more taxes, more nationalization, only derisory cuts in government spending.

Even if devaluation were, in purely economic terms, successful, it would still be grossly immoral. It reduces, deliberately and without hope of redress, the incomes and savings of people who cannot export more, of pensioners, of workers with no powerful union to protect them.

It also means that Britain welshes on a lot of her debts. Countries such as Australia, which were foolish enough to put their trust in sterling, have now lost 14 per cent of their deposits. And so, for example, has my Italian cleaning-woman, who was saving money against the day she returns to Italy. Mr. Wilson spoke of Britain being "a proud nation" and therefore preferring to devalue rather than accept a bigger loan with strings attached. But is a bank manager entitled to be proud at his customers' expense?

However much Mr. Wilson may try to brazen it out, he can't really conceal that devaluation was a shameful defeat for him and indeed for Britain.

The Conservatives are making the most of it. In three years, they say, the Labor government has reduced Britain from a state of prosperity to the condition of an international pauper. Their own economic record was very far from impeccable, but, as Lord Cromer, a former Governor of the Bank of England, said in an angry speech three years ago, at the end of the Conservatives' period in office, no one except a few left-wing theoreticians thought of devaluation as a possibility at all.

It really cannot be a coincidence that Britain's three devaluations, in 1931, 1949 and 1967—"the most disastrous political treble of modern times," as one commentator called it—should have happened under Britain's three Labor governments. The plain facts are that the international business and financial community does not trust the British Labor Party—and rightly so: and that socialist policies are incompatible with a sound currency.

The chickens have come home to roost with a vengeance—chickens labeled inflation, penal taxes, too much public spending, oppressive government interference with business, intransigent and irresponsible unions. Most of these ugly chickens were bred, though not quite so enthusiastically, by the previous, ostensibly Conservative government, no less than by the present socialist government. Other countries would be well advised to notice the price which every man, woman and child in Britain is now having to pay.

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Conservatism and Republican Candidates

PRINCIPLES & HERESIES

Frank S. Meyer

Although I do not quarrel with the spirit of political realism that has matured conservatives over the past few years, I think there is some danger of carrying that realism so far as to lose sight of conservative ends. Thus, while it is surely correct not to expect the Republican candidate to be a model of conservative purity, some conservatives go off the deep end in the other direction and talk as though the victory of any Republican would be a victory for conservatism.

Meyer

When conservatives flirt, as I have heard them do during the past year, with the idea of Charles Percy as Republican nominee or with that ultimate monstrosity in cynicism, a Rockefeller-Reagan ticket, they are making Republicanism per se, instead of conservatism, their end. It seems to me that to deserve conservative support, a candidate should hold broad views which are in general consonant with the conservative consensus in America today. Such consonance does not demand agreement on every specific issue but only a broad outlook that is conservative in its essence.

For want of a better definition of the conservative consensus, I offer a summary of my own definition of it, which I presented a year or two ago in a paper on conservatism for the Public Affairs Conference Center. It may serve as something of a rough test for conservatives in their consideration of candidates.

The following attitudes, I maintained, outline the American conservative position.

1) Conservatism assumes the existence of an objective moral order based upon ontological foundations. The conservative looks at political and social questions with the assumption that there are objective standards for human conduct and objective criteria for political theories and institutions, which it is the duty of human beings to understand as thoroughly as they are able and to which it is their duty to approximate their actions.

2) Within the limits of an objective moral order, the primary reference of conservative political and social thought and action is to the individual person. There may be among some conservatives a greater emphasis upon freedom and rights, as among others a greater emphasis upon duties and responsibilities; but, whichever the emphasis, conservative thought is shot through and through with concern for the person. It is deeply suspicious of theories and policies based upon the collectivities that are the political reference points of liberalism—"minorities," "labor," "the people." It rejects the ideological concept of associations of human beings as collective entities and the collectivist politics based upon this ideology.

3) Conservatism is profoundly anti-utopian. While it recognizes the continuing certainty of change and the necessity of basic principle being expressed under different circumstances in different ways, and while it strives always for the improvement of human institutions and the human condition, it rejects absolutely the idea that society or men generally are perfectible. It is perennially suspicious of the utopian approach, which attempts to *design* society and the lives of human beings.

4) On the basis of concern for the individual person and rejection of utopian planning, conservatives believe in a strict limitation of the power of government. They are firmly opposed to the liberal concept of the state as the engine for the fixing of ideological blueprints upon the citizenry. They stand for freedom of social and personal action as against government-directed action, and for a free economic system.

5) From these positions American conservatism derives its firm support of the Constitution of the United States as originally conceived—to achieve the protection of individual liberty in an ordered society by limiting the power of government. Conservatives support the preservation of the elements of the structure thereby created: restriction of government to its proper functions; within government, tension and balance between local and central power; within the Federal Government, tension and balance between the coordinate branches. They strive to reestablish a federal system of strictly divided powers, as far as government itself is concerned, and to repulse the encroachment of government, federal or state, upon the economy and the individual lives of citizens.

6) In their devotion to Western civilization and their firm American patriotism, conservatives are deeply aware of the danger of Communism as an armed and messianic threat to the very existence of Western civilization and the United States. They believe that our foreign and military policy must be based upon recognition of this reality. As opposed to the vague internationalism and the wishful thinking about Communist "mellowing" that characterize liberal thought and action, they see the defense of the West and the United States as the overriding imperative of public policy. It is in this light that they regard a successful conclusion of the Vietnam war as vital to the over-all struggle against Communism.

There is nothing here on specific issues—no conservative "party line" on urban questions or tax structure or the detailed strategy and tactics of Vietnam. Nor will any candidate politically likely under current circumstances present himself as the philosophical exponent of such a theoretical conservative position. But in the minds of conservatives that position can act as a criterion by which men and their stand on issues may be adjudged—not only positively as to whom a conservative might most desire as a candidate, but negatively also as to who must be opposed at all costs.

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FROM THE ACADEMY

Student Power—For What?

RUSSELL KIRK

VARIOUS organizations of college undergraduates—led, often, by graduate students—aspire to "student power" on the campus. However noisy they may become, they will not obtain the total authority which some of them seek, for the ineluctable reason that bodies of undergraduates do not possess the continuity and the experience required for administering the affairs of an academic corporation.

Students necessarily are probationers in the Grove of Academe. If they were already sufficiently wise to prescribe the curriculum, choose the professors, supervise the finances, and all that—why, there would be no need for them to enroll at all. Why not embark upon life immediately?

Kirk

The fable that in medieval times great universities were governed collectively by the undergraduates is a fable only, even though it has been promulgated by some people who ought to know better, including Dr. Robert Hutchins. Only one university—Bologna—was so controlled for a time, and even there such government did not endure. Really, the medieval schools were church foundations, subject to ecclesiastical authority; at many of them, in the beginning, the students were mere acolytes, literally, there on sufferance to gather what crumbs of learning they might from the men in holy orders (chantry priests, sometimes) who were provided with academic leisure by pious benefactors of the foundation.

NEVERTHELESS, it remains true enough that on most American campuses, for a great while, the undergraduates have been given next to no voice in matters which necessarily concern them; nor have many of them sought to be heard. Serious students might become an appreciable power for order in college and university, rather than agents of confusion. I suggest below some such healthful reforms in which student participation or protest might achieve much.

1) The recovery of academic standards. In a time when many college administrators seem interested only in quantitative growth, decent students have the right and the duty to ask for some respect for the works of the mind. Regard for intellectual quality has sunk so low, among the administrators and even the professors who ought to be guardians of learning on many a campus, that a college degree now amounts to little more than formal (and delusory) certification of readiness for profitable employment.

2) The stern restraint of cheating on examinations. This has become a national disgrace, in part because of the feeble permissiveness of many administrators and professors.

3) The reduction of fun and games to their properly subordinate function on the campus. Quasi-professional athleticism is beloved by the "ersatz alumni"—the crowd who buy tickets to the football games—and is promoted by many college authorities. Yet it is a nuisance and a curse at many institutions. Student protests at Grambling College, a Negro college in Louisiana, against mindless athleticism are straws in this wind.

4) The curtailment of our present chaotic proliferation of specialized (and sometimes silly) courses in nearly every discipline, and the corresponding restoration of a hierarchy of humane and scientific studies. The cafeteria-style curriculum bewilders the undergraduate, whose "freedom of choice" long ago became overwhelming, at many institutions. Departments of education or of sociology waste funds and time when they present literally scores (or sometimes hundreds) of course-offerings, most of these in narrow and arid fields. The bored student-victims ought to howl.

5) The reproof of ideological prejudice on the part of some instructors and professors, who treat their classes as captive audiences, and who exact conformity to their own *doxa* by reward or punishment on examination papers.

6) The return to essay-tests so far as possible, and the diminishing of the miscalled "objective" examination —which rewards the dull or the servile-minded, but penalizes the independent-minded student and anyone of any literary attainment.

7) The improvement of architectural taste and campus amenities. Many new college buildings look like badly designed factories. The interior design of many such buildings is patently anti-functional, aside from being ugly. Students do notice such matters.

8) The maintenance or attainment of a humane ratio between the number of professors and instructors, and the number of students. Too many seniors graduate without ever having become acquainted with a single professor; while on the mass campuses, the luckless freshmen increasingly are the victims of a kind of latter-day Lancasterian system, being taught by graduate assistants little older or wiser than themselves.

9) The provision of an adequate library. Access to many good books and much good informal talk on the campus matters more than most formal lectures by Dr. Dryasdust.

10) The establishment of sensible requirements for admittance to, and continuance in, any academic program leading to a degree. At least half the undergraduates on the average campus haven't the foggiest notion of why they enrolled, nor any decent preparation for college work. If they don't acquire some such understanding or aptitude by the end of a semester or a year, out they ought to go. Colleges, whether state or private, are intended for the improvement of those who can and will profit by them.

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Nuclear Plateau Psychology

FRANK J. JOHNSON

If victory in the cold war is defined as that point in time at which the leaders of the Soviet Union decide to abandon the drive for world control, and instead accept a real, as opposed to a tactical, *détente* with the United States, then William R. Kintner has made a major contribution toward that objective in his exceedingly thoughtful analysis of how such a Soviet decision can be brought about. The key requirement is the indefinite maintenance of United States strategic nuclear superiority.

It is difficult to dispute Kintner's major premise: that the strategic nuclear superiority of the United States has been, and can continue to be, the major contribution to whatever tenuous stability the world enjoys. There is a qualitative difference between the United States and the Soviet Union which mere quantitative comparisons fail to consider. The Soviets have a basic doctrine in Marxism-Leninism which drives them to expansion and aggression and the promotion of world disorder and instability. The United States is a power whose interest lies in preserving world order and stability. Consequently, the purpose of U.S. strategic superiority is not to initiate war or even to force internal political changes in the USSR. It is, rather, to induce, in time, both the Soviet Union and Communist China to abandon the doctrine of violent conflict itself.

The problem in all of our relations with the Soviet Union is that the Soviet leaders are not yet convinced that their hope of global victory has no chance of fulfillment. And talk of nuclear "parity" or "stalemate" or of the eternal advantage of the offense over the defense in nuclear war, is exactly the kind of Washington gobbledygook which is best calculated to induce the Kremlin to keep on trying for victory over the United States rather than *rapprochement*. The Soviet Union simply does not share the idea that there is a permanent nuclear standoff. The Soviets are committed in doctrine and, so far as can be determined, in practice, to the goal of strategic military superiority over the United States.

***Peace and the Strategy Conflict,* by William R. Kintner. Praeger, $6.95**

If the United States recognized this Soviet goal and shaped its own military policy accordingly, there would be no chance of Soviet success and the realization of this fact might cause the Soviets to change their goals. Unfortunately, this is not the case today. Soviet strategy is concentrating on a balanced offensive-defensive characterized at present by a rapid ICBM buildup and the extensive deployment of an ABM defense system. The United States, on the other hand, is constructing a powerful sword but no shield. Although the U.S. has at last decided to deploy a thin ABM defense against the relatively minor threat of Chinese Communist ICBMs, Secretary of Defense McNamara is at special pains to assure the Soviets that it is in no way directed against them. He makes almost a virtue of the fact that, in his opinion, there is no possible defense against Soviet missiles, and so the United States will not attempt to construct one. Since the Secretary is likewise confident that no Soviet defense against U.S. missiles is now, or ever will be, possible, the United States will put all its eggs in the "assured destruction" offense which will be able to overcome any conceivable Soviet defense and so maintain the deterrent against Soviet resort to nuclear war.

But will it? Kintner argues persuasively that it *may* not deter war and even more persuasively that we cannot afford to take the chance when we have it within our power to guarantee both a war-deterring and a war-winning posture.

Consider the following hypothesis: The Soviets, armed with a plenitude of high-yield, extremely accurate missiles, deliver a first-strike counterforce attack against U.S. strategic delivery systems. True enough, in accord with the McNamara thesis, this attack knocks out only a portion of our retaliatory force. But simultaneously with the launching of the missiles the Soviets warn the United States that our population centers are being held hostage. If the United States retaliates against the Soviet Union with its remaining missiles, there will be a follow-up Soviet attack directed at United States cities. Since there is no U.S. ABM defense these cities will surely be destroyed. But the Soviets will possess an ABM defense of their own which will be able to knock down some unknown percentage of incoming U.S. missiles (and the fact that the percentage is unknown could be crucial). What would the United States do in such a dilemma?

Suffice it to say a) the Soviets *might* act in the above manner, b) the United States *might* bow to Soviet terms in order to save its population from sure destruction, and c) the possibility of such occurrences might be sufficient to destroy the credibility of our deterrent, with disastrous effects upon our alliance systems and our political position generally.

Why take a chance? There is "no substitute" for U.S. superiority in defensive as well as offensive military power if we are to maintain over-all superiority over the Soviets, which in turn offers the only hope of convincing them that their drive for world domination cannot succeed. Only then can the full advantage of the Sino-Soviet dispute be realized by the West. This is the possibility that the threat from Communist China will become so great that Russia will decide that her national interest requires an end to the cold war and genuine alliance with the United

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States. The Soviet dilemma, as Mr. Kintner points out, is one of time. She must win a victory over the United States in some finite period before Communist China becomes too strong. This means she must achieve the goal of military superiority fairly soon. The Soviets are attempting to do just that, and because of the lead time involved in the development of strategic weapons systems, the United States must move quickly to stop them or run the risk that we will lose superiority to the Soviets in the early 1970s.

OUR TASK is by no means simple. The United States must operate from a permanent disadvantage imposed by its readiness always to accept an enemy first strike. And we run the risk of constant technological surprise, since the enemy's intelligence about us is always better than ours is about him. We are anxious to tell the Soviets exactly what we are doing at all times, but the United States intelligence community, to cite one example, is still trying after more than a year to decide upon the exact purpose of the Talinn missile system now being deployed in the Western USSR.

Precisely because we face such built-in disadvantages and uncertainties we are taking a terrible risk in permitting strategic asymmetry to develop between ourselves and the Soviets. In Mr. Kintner's view the more rational policy for a nation with the resources of the United States is to avoid any technological *cul de sac* that might enable the Soviet Union to reverse the existing world balance of power. This would mean, at a minimum, the full deployment of an ABM system, additional production of existing Minuteman missiles to cover us during the period of peak danger ahead, and retention of B-52s and B-58s in inventory until follow-on manned bombers are available. Above all, it would require us to rid ourselves of the nuclear plateau psychology. In the art of war, nothing remains static.

Mr. Kintner's study is almost unique for its lack of polemics and its honest objectivity towards opposing schools of thought. The sincerity and high purpose of all shades of opinion are conceded. This makes the logic of his own closely reasoned argument for the maintenance of U.S. strategic superiority all the more convincing.

A World Without War?

JAMES BURNHAM

POSSIBLY THIS BOOK is a hoax, or a psywar ploy. If the "Special Study Group" was as big wheel an outfit as the Introduction describes, it is hard to see why the one of its members who—"after months of agonizing"—decided to blow its findings should have chosen as his channel to the outside world an obscure "freelance writer" whose previously known works are an anthology of American political humor, a handful of trifling articles and a signature on a couple of mildly Vietnik newspaper ads. Moreover, a good deal of pre-publication hocus pocus suggests the hand rather of a flack than of a Concerned Citizen. (The publication date was several times suddenly postponed; trade magazines were fed items about the difficulty of seeing advance copies; proof copies were sent out to literary editors and almost immediately called back, etc.) Still, we can agree with "John Doe's" claim that "our Report can be considered on its merits," apart from the teasing genetic puzzle. And, on its merits, *Report from Iron Mountain* is certainly worth reading.

According to the story, the Special Study Group—consisting of thirteen scientists and social scientists, one lawyer and one businessman, all of whom "had done work of distinction in at least two fields"—was secretly convened in August 1963, on the initiative of a Washington agency that did not identify itself precisely. The Group was given the mission "to determine, accurately and realistically, the nature of the problems that would confront the United States if and when a condition of 'permanent peace' should arise, and to draft a program for dealing with this contingency." By "permanent peace" was meant not merely a condition in which actual war would be absent but "a general transformation of American society to a condition lacking its most critical current characteristic: its capability and readiness to make war." Thus, the program went fundamentally beyond the familiar "disarmament scenarios" turned out by the think tanks.

The Group submitted its report, together with 604 supporting exhibits, to "the Convener" September 30, 1966. It decided to preserve secrecy, and to recommend against publication of the Report. "It is our affirmative judgment that [publication] would not be in the public interest." John Doe, after his agonizing, broke ranks and, so the story continues, turned a copy of the Report over to Leonard Lewin, who, with the collaboration of the Dial Press, now turns it over to you and me.

THE REPORT'S explosive element that the Group believed would provoke, by "untimely publication," "the clear and predictable danger of a crisis in public confidence" is its conclusion about the relation between war and society, and the consequences drawn from that conclusion. The "miasma of unreality" surrounding all peace and disarmament plans comes from "the incorrect assumption that war, as an institution, is subordinated to the social system it is believed to serve." Clausewitz went only halfway when he called war "a continuation of politics by other means." It is not merely that "war is 'used' as an instrument of national and social policy. . . . War itself is the basic social system, within which other secondary modes of social organization conflict or conspire. It is the system which has governed most human societies of record, as it is today."

Maintaining the capability of making war is neither the sole nor the primary function of the war system. It has crucial economic functions (solving the problem of inventory, providing "a sort of buffer or balance wheel"); political functions indispensable to the existence and internal stability of nations; sociological functions (providing, in general, "the basic motivation for primary social organi-

Report from Iron Mountain on the Possibility and Desirability of Peace. **Introductory material by Leonard C. Lewin. Dial, $5.00**

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zation," and many ancillary functions such as controlling, through conscription, some of the problems of delinquency); ecological functions in adjusting population to environment; cultural and scientific functions as the chief stimulus to scientific and technological achievement and an important stimulus of literature and art; psychological functions as "a general social release," comparable to a holiday for the individual.

Most if not all of these functions are essential to the existence of any kind of stable social organization. Therefore, if there is to be a general condition of peace, something other than the war system must be found to fulfill them. But the substitutes that have been proposed—the Report lists the most prominent—have no chance of doing so. "No program or combination of programs yet proposed for a transition to peace has remotely approached meeting the comprehensive requirements of a world without war." Nor did the Group find a program to propose. "Until such a unified program is developed, at least hypothetically, it is impossible for this or any other group to furnish meaningful answers to the questions originally presented to us. When asked how best to prepare for the advent of peace, we must first reply, as strongly as we can, that the war system cannot responsibly be allowed to disappear until 1) we know exactly what it is we plan to put in its place, and 2) we are certain, beyond reasonable doubt, that these substitute institutions will serve their purposes in terms of the survival and stability of society."

The Report is brief. You can read it in an hour, but you'll be thinking about it a good deal longer.

Romantic in an Unromantic Age

GUY DAVENPORT

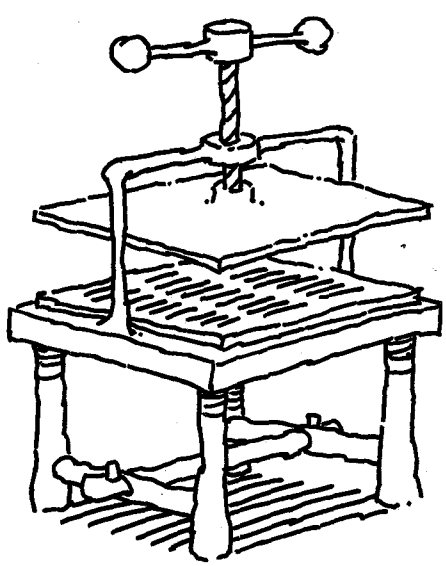
THE PUBLIC, an invention of nineteenth-century gentility, laid it down as one of its working maxims, once it took up Culture, that it doesn't know anything about art but that it knows what it likes, thus assuming as its own folk wisdom what the Emperor Caligula had assumed for it. On the first Sunday that the public was allowed into the British Museum, a portly greengrocer backed into the amphora that inspired Keats' ode and smashed it to rubble. With a discarded cigar the public burnt all of Frederick Catherwood's drawings of the Mayan cities of Yucatan. The public has scratched out the eyes of paintings in the Uffizi, and one fine day a member of the public put the Mona Lisa under his arm, carried it out of the Louvre with great cool, and hung it at the foot of his humble bed.

Tax-gatherers and philanthropists are not dismayed, however, and the public has its surprises. It took to Whistler's austere and decidedly grim "Arrangement in Grey and Black No. 1," renamed it "Whistler's Mother," and hugged it to its breast. It singled out Stuart's oil sketch of Washington, to the exclusion of all other portraits, including five by Stuart. It prefers Van Gogh to Mantegna. It goes to the National Gallery to see Dali's "Last Supper." And, *mirabile visu*, its favorite painting at the Museum of Modern Art is by a painter whose name eludes pronunciation and whose other paintings have no claim on the public's attention. It is the "Cache-Cache" of Pavel Fyodorovitch Tchelitchew, but to the public it is "that picture you see things in," called "Hide and Seek," and is the work of Pavvle Chelly Chew. The public is wiser than it can perhaps ever know to see it as a special, a very special, picture.

The critics, less creatures of impulse and love than the public, have always been embarrassed by "Cache-Cache." And Edith Sitwell, the painting's sole audience as far as the painter was concerned, sat before it for a solid half-hour, having sailed to New York to see it just after it was finished, without saying—ever—a single word about it. Indeed it is like no other picture. Its punning images (Tchelitchew did not like people to say) are developed from the Renaissance painter Arcimbaldo, from da Vinci, and from those games, dear to children and artists, where faces are hidden in the branches of trees.

"Cache-Cache" depicts an ancient, gnarled tree against which a little girl, the "it" in a game of hide-and-seek, leans and counts. The tree is also a hand, and its root-system a foot. Children's faces fill the contours of the branches, and on closer inspection these faces are made out of yet other faces. Landscapes visible beyond the tree make shapes also; in fact the entire surface of the painting is a continuous pun that develops into thousands of images—this is not hyperbole but fact. It is quite simply a painting that can be looked at forever. The cycle of the seasons is in it, the human body in every possible anatomical depth, often in strangely beautiful transparencies where one is looking at skin, bone, veins, and muscles all at once, though one might have begun by looking at a child's ear that is also the space between two branches. The metamorphoses of the embryo are here, defined in flowers; boys playing in wheat become a lion's face; children seen through a lattice of apples and leaves become a spaniel.

BUT NOT UNTIL Parker Tyler—poet, historian of the movies, and friend of Tchelitchew—set himself the task of interpreting "Cache-Cache" has there been any response to this richest of modern paintings other than the intuitive appetite to understand that



everyone who has ever looked at it has felt. Out of what kind of mind did it come? What process led to its creation? →

The Divine Comedy of Pavel Tchelitchew, by Parker Tyler. Fleet, $17.50

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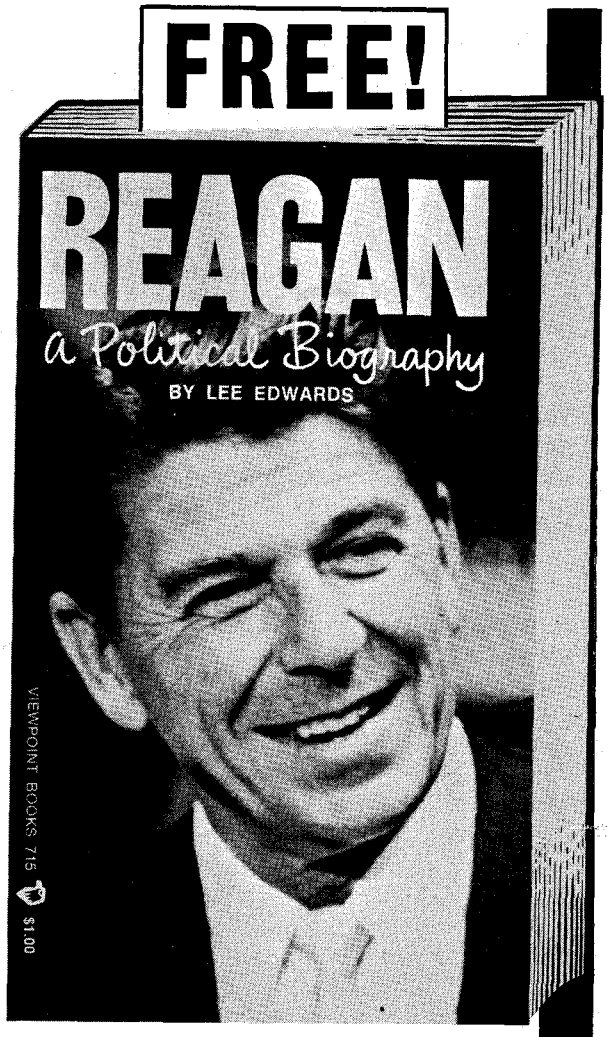

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About the Author . . .

LEE EDWARDS

Lee Edwards, when not running his highly successful public relations firm in Washington, contributes articles and reviews for many American publications, including National Review and Triumph magazine. He was Press Secretary to former Senator John Marshall Butler of Maryland, and later Deputy Director of Public Relations for the Republican National Committee, and worked in Barry Goldwater's 1964 presidential campaign.

In 1965 he co-authored "Behind the Civil Rights Mask," an examination of the leading Civil Rights leaders, and expects to bring out his third book, "You Can Make the Difference," early next year.

Mr. Edwards, who is the son of famous Chicago Tribune Reporter Willard Edwards, is a graduate of Duke University and Paris' Sorbonne.

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Mr. Tyler has written a luminous and deep book; no other kind would have served to approach Tchelitchew. He has also written a new kind of book. It is a biography and it is also a novel, but it is, as well, a discursive book that explains the paintings, traces their growth and analyzes their meaning. He calls it a divine comedy because Tchelitchew consciously divided his work into images of hell, purgatory, and heaven, and culminated each mode in an enormous painting, much as Picasso has always terminated his periods with one definitive painting into which all the skill and meditation of many individual paintings are brought to a perfection.

The hell painting is so terrible that few have looked at it, or been given the opportunity to. It hung for years in the Ringling Brothers Museum in Sarasota (since it depicts side-show freaks). With whatever irony and point, Tchelitchew willed it to his native Russia, to "the Soviet People," who, when he last saw them, had just appropriated his father's estate and vast forests. The Tchelitchews crossed Russia like a band of gypsies, reaching the Black Sea, where they made a brief stand with the White armies. Then they fled to Turkey. Tchelitchew's life thereafter was exile: Berlin (where he began to design for the theater), Paris (where he was taken under Gertrude Stein's wing), London (here Edith Sitwell became his patron), New York, Connecticut, and eventually Rome, where he died in 1957, just short of his fifty-ninth birthday. No one knew quite what to do when it was discovered that he wished Russia to own the panorama of freaks and monsters he called "Phenomena." Lincoln Kirstein undertook to deliver it during a cultural exchange tour of the New York City Ballet. The Russians accepted it with cold and troubled politeness. They loaned it to the Gallery of Modern Art, which opened in 1964 with a retrospective show of Tchelitchew's. It presently sits in the basement of that museum. The Russians do not reply to offers to have it returned.

The purgatory painting is the "Cache-Cache," which in every sense is the opposite of "Phenomena." They both depict nature with an accuracy and wealth of information that no artist between da Vinci and Tchelitchew has mastered, unless it be such technical masteries as those of Stubbs and Audubon. "Phenomena" is satiric, but the satire springs from a pervasive dumb grief that nature could ever be grotesque and mean. "Cache-Cache" celebrates the metamorphic structure and growth of nature in all of its springtimes: childhood, new leaf and blossom, the transmutations of seed into plant and animal. Only the tree is old—and, if you stand back far enough—the barbarian face with cunning wink into which the entire picture resolves.

The third great painting, entitled

Random Notes

● Books: *Giacomo Joyce,* the just-discovered James Joyce story that made the front pages this fall, will be published in a nifty limited edition by Viking in January, at $10. Same publisher has a new edition of *Dubliners,* following the original manuscript and correcting dozens of errors (February, $3.95; paperback $1.95). . . . Hugh Kenner's *The Counterfeiters,* illustrated by Guy Davenport, is due from Indiana University Press (January, $5). Spies tell us the book has to do with, inter alia, Buster Keaton, machines, and the Hugh Kenner Theory of Bad Poetry. . . . *Hitchcock,* by François Truffaut, is a dialogue between the two illuminated with stills from the master's films (Simon & Schuster, February, $10).

The headline-making revelations of Greville Wynne, the British spy who was Col. Penkovskiy's contact, will be published in this country as *Contact on Gorky Street* (Atheneum, January, $4.95). . . . Philip Wylie reassesses the human condition, again, in *The Magic Animal: Man Revisited* (Doubleday, March). . . . All those nasty chemicals that masquerade as strawberry ice cream and Béarnaise sauce combine to make a big stink in *Consumer Beware!—Your Food and What's Been Done to It,* by Beatrice Hunter (Devin-Adair, $3.95).

● Uh-Oh: Murray Kempton is under contract to do a book for Random House, for which he will travel all over the country, even unto Mason City, Iowa, and then tell us about ourselves. . . . Archibald MacLeish's new collection of essays, *A Continuing Journey,* is due from Houghton-Mifflin in January; includes one on Eleanor. . . . Ralph Schoenman, everybody's favorite Svengali, has edited a *Festschrift* entitled *Bertrand Russell, Philosopher of the Century* (Little Brown, January, $7.95). . . . Dan Marlowe, whom you knew as Porky in the "Our Gang" films, is seeking a Senate seat from Minnesota. . . . Robin Moore is reported (by *Variety*) upset over changes inflicted on his *The Green Berets* for filming by John Wayne: it's just another action/adventure flick, with all the dove-disturbing controversy weeded out, by "technical advisers" from the Pentagon.

● Movies: Universal's *Isadora* (about La Duncan) stars Vanessa Redgrave—to the horror of balletomanes—also Jason Robards and James Fox. . . . An American independent has acquired rights to Maurice Maeterlinck's *The Blue Bird,* which was first filmed in 1913 and later became a musical with Shirley Temple. . . . Wolper Pictures has bought William Styron's *The Confessions of Nat Turner* for $600,000 plus 10 per cent of the gross. . . . Jules Dassin, who gave us *Rififi* and *Topkapi,* is at work on another robbery flick: *The Great Bank Robbery.* The Paramount production will begin in April, with Melina Mercouri (Mrs. D.) starring. . . . The Beatles' *Yellow Submarine* is becoming a United Artists cartoon for kiddies, who never heard of amyl nitrite.

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"The Unfinished Picture," may or may not be the evocation of Paradise Tchelitchew had spoken of. Mr. Tyler thinks that it is, and presents a convincing and fascinating argument. It grows out of the surprising style Tchelitchew developed after "Cache-Cache," a style that is geometric, abstract and pure. Mr. Tyler's account of Tchelitchew's career begins with this picture, the last to be painted, showing how its swirls of light are intelligible.

Like most artists, Tchelitchew has no biography distinguishable from that of the labor of painting. The man himself was elate and fey, with periodic seizures of Russian gloom. Quite early he had invented a mask to wear before the world: a personality that Nabokov might have thought up for a novel satirizing Russian spleen and passion. Mr. Tyler carefully incorporates this play-acting into his biography—Tchelitchew terrified of a mouse aboard a Russian battle-cruiser during the Revolution, Tchelitchew going off in a Daimler to be examined for induction by an American draft board, a handkerchief soaked in perfume across his forehead, a distressed lady holding his hand. But Mr. Tyler is also careful to make it clear that the Tchelitchew who painted the pictures, designed stage sets, and protected his career like the general of a besieged fort, was about as wishy-washy as a mother tiger looking to the safety of her cubs.

TCHELITCHEW was an enigma even to his closest friends, and perhaps to himself as well. He was a Romantic in an age that spurned Romanticism; like few European artists who came to America as exiles he had the ability to put down deep roots—his New England landscapes in which he has hidden Biblical and mythical motifs seem to have been evoked from our past rather than his. He was both shrewdly practical and deeply superstitious. His vision of natural metamorphosis was at once scientific, magical, and religious. Most accounts and reference books of modern art omit him altogether. The volatile attention of the *beau monde* and the hysterical critical ambience that once surrounded Tchelitchew is already thinned out enough for us to begin to see the artist and his achievement with some clarity. Men immune to fashion have already paid their homage: "Cache-Cache" inspired parts of Eliot's *Burnt Norton*; William Carlos Williams' *Paterson* owes much to "Phenomena" and some of the most mysteriously beautiful passages in Cocteau's *Léone* derive from Tchelitchew's doubled images.

Mr. Tyler has written, ironically, the first brilliant biography of any American artist, though America, whose citizen he was proud to be, can scarcely claim Tchelitchew; nor can the art of biography claim so inventive a study as Mr. Tyler's as simply the account of a life. It is scholarship at its very best, perceptive and painstakingly thorough, and it is story-telling of a high order. Like Tchelitchew himself, Mr. Tyler has the ability to control multiple levels of narrative, bringing into prominence now this, now that theme. His book is the product of many years of labor and research, and achieves what very few scholars have even approached, a lucid study in depth of a contemporary artist that is also as exciting to read as a novel, and which is in itself a wholly new and imaginative way of writing.

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Men and Manners

A Reminiscence

Inspired by the documentary volumes, *Winston S. Churchill, edited by Randolph S. Churchill, Part I: 1874-1895; Part II: 1896-1900.* Houghton Mifflin, $12.50 each

SIR SHANE LESLIE

REMEMBERING Lord Randolph Churchill—well, no one remembers him to the life now—but I do, when the three Jerome girls hovered in Edgware Road, Cumberland Place and Connaught Square near Marble Arch. Those were days when Master Winston played furiously on the top floor at soldiers, and when his younger brother confided to me an old yacht which sank promptly in the Serpentine.

Lord Randolph had believed that as Chancellor he was invincible. It took him between 1886 and 1895 to find out otherwise, to the agony of his family. I must be the only person alive who spoke to him on the day in Connaught Square when he awarded me a half sovereign as my godfather. Later we moved near Banstead, where he had begun to train horses unexpectedly. No one knew what he would possibly do next. It was incredible that while waiting for the Exchequer to return into his hand he should go lion-hunting in South Africa, as well as gold-searching to the amazement of the *Graphic* Magazine. Cecil Rhodes and he were both staking out the world and they judged each other.

The only man who survived till our day who had met them both in South Africa was the late Lord Winchester, but I knew him only because he succeeded in coming within a few weeks of his hundredth birthday. He described Lord Randolph fearlessly penetrating the veldt in a vehicle called a "spider." He carried a supply of champagne and French novels, but the best of rifles. It was a strange figure to meet before the Boer War—before the genesis of Rhodesia—before Winston ever dreamed of adventures in the Cape himself.

WE BOYS all aimed at adventures. My most memorable was being driven in a Tilbury through Hyde Park by Sir George Wombwell, who had actually ridden in the Charge of the Light Brigade. Our sexton had returned from the Crimea without feet; in fact, half the warriors sitting in fashionable squares in London were thus arrayed. But for us wars were still far away. We played in the "den" in the countryside where Winston believed we would one day meet the enemies of England. Our only chance then was to reach Cuba and Spanish troops—and Winston eventually got as far.

The two Jerome grandparents had become rather bewildered over their financial affairs. Both were dying in Brighton, or Tunbridge Wells, having

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gallantly failed to make the fortune each had promised the other. Perhaps it would be more truthful to say that each was still believed to be a millionaire. Winston was the first to believe that they were "miserably poor" as a family. But nobly he refused to let the old nurse he loved be deserted, as was the way in those days. The companion volumes of Churchill's biography are full of her devotion to Winston and Jack. I had the honor of knowing her in the Banstead days.

There also I watched the silent, bearded Lord Randolph and offered him a bird's nest as a propitiation. Alas, he still stood steadfast, while his family shuddered at the beard he had been able to grow since Africa. He was dying by inches and refused to surrender. This Lord Rosebery realized and his few surviving friends in the Commons. It was Arthur Balfour and Sir Michael Hicks Beach, his two last friends protecting him in the House, who took him home to his wife and insisted that he should not appear again in the Commons.

It was really a ruse by the doctors to send him on one last journey to America—to Canada—to Japan—to India—to Egypt—to anywhere, with only a possibility of reaching the Englishman's paradise Monte Carlo, in which he still believed. He was dying fast by December 1894 when the Churchills returned to the family house, 50 Grosvenor Square. But it was Clara (the eldest of the Jerome girls) who realized what he was suffering. To the day in January when he died, he understood hopefully the family would go to Monte Carlo. "That's all right" was his last utterance of relief.

It is clear that Randolph Churchill has begun his enormous achievement, that final biography which two first-rate writers and close friends of Winston's have not lived to accomplish. The two chosen were Lord Cherwell and Brendan Bracken. But in the final choice perhaps we have the best of all.

Theater

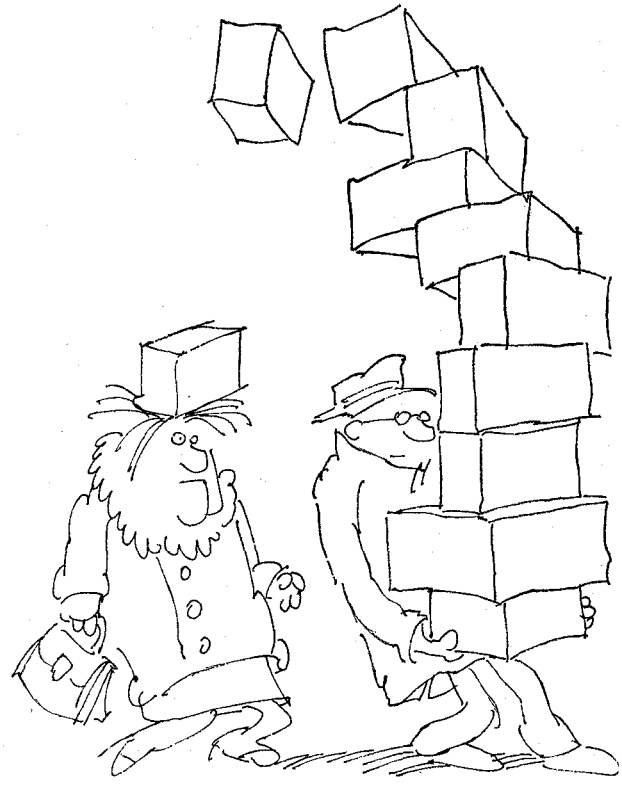
R & G: A Minority Report

CHRISTOPHER NICHOLS

"We're actors; we're the opposite of people," says the Player King in Tom Stoppard's *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead*. And, God, it's getting truer every day as far as I can see. Forgive me if I react more than review. By now, the happy huzzas of the daily and weekly critics have informed us that Stoppard's smash begins in a tinkling, twinkling profusion of tossed coins that always come up heads, moves on using retooled versions of Shakespeare's R & G to explore the demise of romantic tragedy, the confusion of the human condition and the dreariness of man's destiny. It ends bleakly, in a Beckettesque dialogue about death, with R's and G's spotlighted faces suddenly snuffed into the consuming darkness of the stage. Interwoven throughout the performance, we have been assured, are all the malicious wit and suspended menace that make Beckett and Harold Pinter such critical successes here. In short, another hit.

Maybe. Perhaps it was the lady sitting in front of me, drenched damned near to dripping with some noxious perfume. Or perhaps the cultural chatter of the blue-ribbon benefit crowd, whose entr'acte gaiety got increasingly guarded as suspicions grew that somebody might be getting esthetically flimflammed. And it was also partly the too typical *exeunt* from the Alvin Theater to invisible taxis and a gritty drizzle. Those theatrical experiences put me off. But most of all, I was disappointed to have paid ten bucks to be shown —for the umpteenth time and with credible dramatic dimension—what a funny fall-guy and ludicrous boob I was to be caught in this lamentable situation called life. If *R & G* were really dead, I wouldn't mind. But they are alive and well in David Merrick's cash-box, along with my ten bucks, which I'd love back. And all I've got is a theatrical experience somewhat akin to the white liberal's after being dressed down in ofay Elizabethan by a Black Power nationalist.

Not that *R & G* doesn't purvey some, ahem, memorable moments. It surely does. That's a nice conceit to take the traits of Godot's waiters (or the two thugs in Pinter's *Dumbwaiter* for that matter), lay them onto *R & G* and dolly traditional *Hamlet* in and out of the dramatic situation. The sets, vaults and arches as lofty and portentous as in a Piranesi drawing; the lighting's awesome cathedral quality and pin-point precision on the flipped coins; the crisply evocative costumes; Derek Goldby's zippy direction (usually) of the word-burdened play—all these were fine. Stars Brian Murray and John Wood, save for occasional spit showers, handle the mechanics and moods of their difficult roles with disarming facility—though they put on a bit too much priss and simp in doublet and hose and at times got to gamboling like boarding-school girls on the hockey field. Paul Hecht's



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Player King has a caustic bravado and the player mimes are executed with endearing dead-pan sprightliness. (Hamlet, however, careens around like a speed freak one jump ahead of a bust, but maybe that's a topical touch.)

YET WHAT REALLY INTERESTS ME is the content and conception of *R & G*, the implication of shifting the focus from Hamlet to these medieval Mad Ave exec types hot to rise in the castle's corporate structure. And how, as the general roster of critics contend, this shows us (albeit with piquantly puzzling obliqueness) just who we are and how we are and what the times are now. Well, sir, there I sat, excitedly fanning off the fumes with my *Playbill,* waiting for the jeweled insights and razor-honed revelations to come zipping out to me, bombarding me with transcendent self-knowledge and psycho-dynamism, and wondering just how thirty-year-old Tom Stoppard, Czech-born but now a British subject, had found out so much about provincial American me. And what did I get? Everyman again. What Now, *Little* Everyman? And since taking it personally didn't pay off for me as the critics promised it would, I had to resort to the play's general reading of the human condition.

The coins Guildenstern tosses up constantly come up heads and the message, of course, is that the normal probabilities are out of joint, the odds have somehow changed. What is going on? you can see poor Rosencrantz wondering. Currency. Our Times. Us. But what happens to this tasty implication? "Life is a terrible gamble," says Stoppard's Player King archly. "If it was a bet, you wouldn't take it." Oh, really? Is there another game around, with better odds, that we do not know about? Or is this irony twice, a left hook following a right cross rather than one numbing haymaker? The missed point is that we take the gamble every day. In fact, the human glory housed in what Stoppard seems to consider our puny, wretched fleshly envelope is exactly the faith and courage to take the gamble, knowing the odds may be against us. But the heel in the face always takes precedence over the hand on the heart in theater today.

A key moment in *R & G* arrives when Rosencrantz, apprised of Claudius' double-cross and Hamlet's substituting for the letter ordering his own death one commanding R's and G's, murmurs a little too feelingly: "To be told so little to such an end . . . and still, finally . . . to be denied an explanation." Which seems to say (for the line is delivered breathlessly devoid of ironic twist) that life owes us an explanation. For a truly religious individual, Rosencrantz's metaphysical bitch might indicate a telling spiritual void. And even Sartre or Camus accepted Rosencrantz's self-pitying assessment as a given of the earthly condition, a point from which to pioneer new values and attitudes. But the play's tone frequently whines. "What good's a brick to a drowning man?" moans Rosencrantz, and one is tempted to tell him he might try loosing it as he goes down for the third time.

PERHAPS, LIKE POLITICS, God help us, theater has dwindled into the art of the possible. For despite the ballyhoo, I found no deep search, no stinging innovation, no unselfish human compassion in *R & G*—just facility, and a lot of flipping coins, like diversionary esthetic sequins, and a lot of coining on the flip. The glib gags, the febrile repartee, the fey bawdiness did not succeed in demonstrating beyond the obvious how obsolete the tragi-comic values of *Hamlet* are today. I suppose I like my killing clean; Stoppard's play ends not in the carnage at Elsinore but in the kind of fashionably choked sigh, the cruel snicker, that may be turning theater audiences today into a pack of unconscious masochists. Next year they'll invite us into the Minotaur's maze, make us leave our string outside, and laugh like hell that we don't know the monster's on vacation.

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I went back and re-read *Hamlet* and found solace for my ten bucks. Rosencrantz, by ironic happenstance, speaks the lines when Hamlet inquires about the waning fortunes and popularity of the Players' troupe. "Do they grow rusty?" Hamlet asks. "Nay," replies Rosencrantz, "their endeavor keeps in the wonted pace; but there is, sir, an aery of children, little eyases, that cry out on the top of question, and are most tyrannically clapp'd for't. These are now the fashion, and so berattle the common stages . . . that many wearing rapiers are afraid of goose quills, and dare scarce come thither." In other words, as Broadway continues to confirm, the bard was truly timeless.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

ROMNEY: BEHIND THE IMAGE, by Antoni E. Gollan (Crestwood, $1.50). Antoni E. Gollan, an energetic young conservative, has put together a remarkably concise statement of the case against George Romney. It takes him less than 150 pages. What he has against Romney can for the most part be included under one of three headings: Romney's personality, which is too often fired by a hair-trigger temper; Romney's party irregularity, which not even the electoral data of 1966 can entirely obscure; and Romney's lobotomized position on Vietnam, which serves as a synecdoche for his treatment of most other issues, including—Gollan shows us—domestic Communism, Red China, education, free-market economics, the UN. The redoubtable Stan Evans has contributed a gem of an introduction. *Romney* is especially recommended for those tens and tens of Republicans who still favor him for the nomination. N. B. FREEMAN

DOUBLE AGENT, by John Huminik (New American Library, $4.95). One exception to the old saw about truth being stranger than fiction is the field of espionage. Fictional spies have been caught up in a syndetic *mystique* of exotic weapons and erotic women so fantastic as to make *Superman* seem like scholarly physiology. They have warped reality so much that it snapped. Real narratives of espion-

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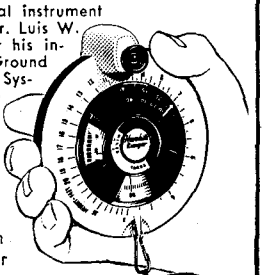

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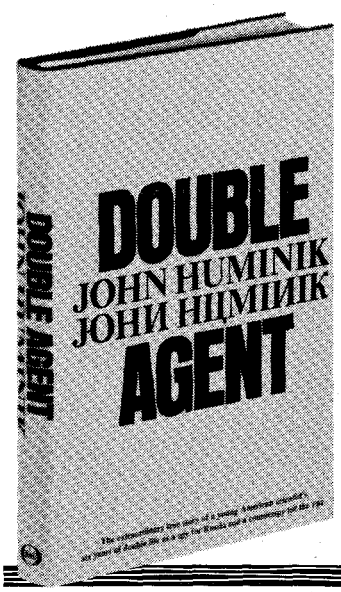

Head of a small engineering company near Washington, John Huminik was singled out, solicited, and intimidated by a Soviet spy network in 1961 to sell classified information. Reporting to the FBI, Huminik entered the twilight world of cold war espionage to begin five years of deception and peril. Today, with the Red spy ring in the U.S. exposed, his espionage nightmare is ended. John Huminik's story stands as a moving, exciting testament to a man's patriotism and willingness to risk his life for his country's security. Bizarre, gripping, and evocative, this is a story that will enthrall every American. With 8 pages of photographs, $4.95 at bookstores.

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SOLUTION TO LAST ISSUE'S TRANS-O-GRAM (Nov. 28)

HENRY HAZLITT: TIME WILL RUN BACK.

Peter Uldanov . . . looked down to the streets thirty stories below, . . . his glance wandered higher to the drab buildings opposite, and out over the city, until everything melted into a misty horizon. It was a picture of unrelieved shabbiness. So this was Moscow, . . . the capital of Wonworld!

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age, while not stranger, are stronger, and *Double Agent* is a very good case in point. It is the account of a Washington businessman/scientist who faked being a Soviet spy while actually counterspying for the FBI. This was not "way back when" before the cold war allegedly thawed and the Russians became our buddies. These events took place in the mid-Sixties, coming to a head in the summer of 1966. John Huminik, a metallurgist, was contacted by Soviet embassy personnel to photograph secret documents for them in return for a trade agreement between the USSR and his company. That Huminik writes in a matter-of-fact prose style makes his story even more telling. The clandestine meetings, the precautionary techniques, even the escape route to Russia which was planned for him are all described. You should buy it, but *Double Agent* is not the sort of book that should be in your library; it should be out on loan to friends and acquaintances who still believe the Russians are trustworthy souls. J. D. KIRWAN

ROMNEY

(Continued from page 1383)

IV

One hopes to be fair. I flew to Michigan a few days before the Governor announced in order to seek a feel of the story. This is American Gothic country come November, the trees dark brown, the barns dull red, the fields snow-sifted. At Lansing, the streets were dark with rain, ice-patched. It was a climactic hour for the Governor's overworked advisers, but they were sunnily indifferent to the confusion and the elements alike. The Governor has some most attractive men about him, notably Walter DeVries, a young Ph.D. who is known as the house intellectual. He is plump and sandy-haired, and looks a little like Winnie the Pooh, but he is an acknowledged wizard in the polling game. The Governor also relies heavily upon Travis Cross, a veteran public relations man who plainly knows his way around.

The staff members at Romney Associates could not possibly have been more courteous and helpful. It was the same story at the capital. Romney works in a high-ceilinged office, walnut-paneled, behind a mammoth desk

(Continued on page 1399)

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TRANS-O-GRAM

by Svend Petersen

DEFINITIONS

A. **Viola Kitaibeliana *Rafinesquii*** (type answer with right hand)

B. He who is present at the bedside

C. Palindromic greeting used by a man upon meeting a lady in a garden

D. A type of bird dog

E. A field of something specified

F. A type of type (answer contains first six letters of alphabet)

G. Not capable of being protected from infringement by publishers (no letter is repeated in the answer)

H. This overthrew Kerenski

I. An item of nourishing food

J. Highly successful and aggressive

WORDS

63 2 168 57 83 87 88 99 133 207 216 21

95 1 74 184 89 130 161 13 163 177

132 11 58 60 195 15 33 40 71 200 3

153 24 178 14 103 112 118 137 166 183 185 196 202

167 50 48 203 120 176

106 131 28 90 213 16 142 121

125 6 25 72 201 54 61 69 91 94 97 180 162 171 174

158 5 18 37 67 148 181 189 194 45 19 104 134 152 23 212 211

173 205 191 17 136 109 26 122 116

186 128 138 8 218 140 193

DEFINITIONS

K. An asexual fructification consisting of a mat of hyphae that give rise to short-stalked conidiophores

L. A pronoun

M. A type of racehorse

N. Having the most heat

O. A person of ardent zeal

P. A mountain in Switzerland

Q. He was born a king but did not die one

R. A senator from Georgia

S. Lacking intelligence

T. Former

U. Undertake

V. Laughing, smiling, cheerful, gay

W. To turn outward or inside out

X. Characterized by repetition

Y. Provoked

WORDS

192 141 82 22 175 64 105 170 10

206 151 139 79 124 68

214 98 146 126 208 70 111

39 210 100 160 110 144 182

43 36 164 81 159 190 188 30 55 66

80 62 9 38 46 52 85 123 215 135

143 31 73 75 129 199 169

179 76 204 42 86 150 32

102 127 84 154 34 59 65

113 44 78 41 165 101 145 155 92

156 47 93 107 4 27 117

12 209 35 147 53

29 115 49 77 217

7 96 119 114 51 197 157

20 56 198 108 149 187 172

See page 1396 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, blank boxes indicating the end of a word); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

					1 B	2 A	3 C	4 U	5 H	6 G	7 X	8 J	9 P	10 K		11 C	12 V	
13 B		14 D	15 C	16 F	17 I	18 H		19 H	20 Y		21 A	22 K	23 H	24 D	25 G	26 I	27 U	
28 F	29 W		30 O	31 Q	32 R		33 C	34 S	35 V	36 O	37 H		38 P	39 N	40 C	41 T		
42 R	43 O	44 T	45 H	46 P		47 U	48 E	49 W		50 E	51 X	52 P	53 V	54 G	55 O		56 Y	
57 A	58 C	59 S		60 C	61 G	62 P		63 A	64 K	65 S	66 O	67 H	68 L	69 G	70 M	71 C		
72 G	73 Q		74 B	75 Q	76 R	77 W	78 T	79 L		80 P	81 O	82 K	83 A		84 S	85 P	86 R	
87 A		88 A	89 B	90 F	91 G	92 T		93 U	94 G	95 B	96 X		97 G	98 M	99 A	100N	101T	
	102S	103D	104H	105K		106F	107U	108Y	109I	110N	111M		112D	113T	114X	115W	116I	
	117U	118D	119X		120E	121F	122I	123P	124L	125G	126M	127S	128J	129Q		130B	131F	
132C	133A	134H	135P	136I	137D	138J	139L		140J	141K	142F	143Q	144N	145T	146M	147V	148H	
149Y	150R	151L		152H	153D	154S	155T		156U		157X	158H	159O	160N	161B		162G	
163B	164O		165T	166D		167E	168A	169Q	170K	171G	172Y		173I	174G	175K	176E	177B	
	178D	179R	180G	181H	182N		183D	184B		185D	186J	187Y	188O	189H		190O	191I	
192K	193J	194H	195C	196D	197X	198Y	199Q		200C		201G	202D	203E	204R	205I	206L	207A	
208M	209V	210N	211H		212H	213F		214M	215P	216A	217W	218J						

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Christmas in Santa Claus Land

Nika Standen Hazelton

At Christmas time, all the ships in Norway wear Christmas trees on their masts and funnels, and it was on one of these boats, sailing around the North Cape, that I spent the nicest Christmas I ever had away from home. At Christmas, every Norwegian hurries home, and to be away from home is a fate worse than death. It therefore did not surprise me to be the only passenger at Hammerfest, apart from two young people who had to go to Tromsö because of a family death. In Norway, Christmas dinner is eaten Christmas Eve, and the crew had decorated the ship with streamers and ornaments, and put up a great big Christmas tree in the dining room—with lovely white candles. The steward carefully explained that the big dinner would be around six, and that the captain would personally come and fetch me for it. Thus, in the afternoon, I primped as seldom before; I really wanted to be at my best, feeling, so to speak, that I was representing the United States at a foreign national holiday. I also wrapped the box of cigars and the bottle of whisky which were to be my present to the captain.

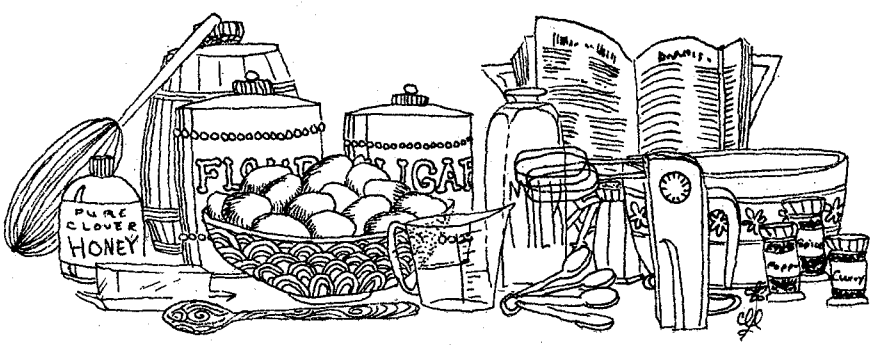
At five o'clock sharp there was a knock on my door. The captain, in full regalia, gave me his arm and escorted me to his cabin for a pre-dinner sherry. I was touched to see there an enormous pot of flowering pink begonia, the kind which in Norway is called Christmas rose, and a small Christmas tree.

When we went in to dinner, the crew were already at the long tables. The captain and I sat in the middle, with the officers on either side.

We started our meal with the traditional rice porridge, which is standard Christmas fare in all of Scandinavia. On our ship, which belonged to the Bergen Line, the meat was a dish of very excellent Pinnekott, spiced ribs of mutton that are a Christmas specialty of the Norwegian West Coast. Incidentally, Norwegian lamb and mutton are absolutely marvelous, tasting like the celebrated French *pre salé* lamb. The dessert that followed consisted of canned pineapple, still a fairly exotic party dish in those latitudes, with some delicious buttery cookies; without cookies, a Norwegian Christmas would not be one and the women bake weeks ahead. After dinner we all sang Christmas carols.

What touched me most about this Christmas and was a lesson to me, in a sense, was the fact that we all did our best to make the occasion a festive one. No doubt everybody was sad within himself not to be able to be at home for Christmas. But no one showed it, and everyone went out of his way to make the burden an easy one for everyone else. It did convince me that making an effort for Christmas is one of the most worthwhile things in the world, even if it is only made for people who basically do not concern us much. So in the spirit of Christmas, I list two cookie recipes that every female should make for friends and foes alike. To the men, I recommend the gift of a North Norway cruise, or *faute de mieux*, a little gift-shopping at Tiffany's. Or even the local drug store.

Delectations



Norwegian Berliner Kranser

1 hard-cooked egg yolk
1 raw egg yolk
½ cup sifted confectioners' sugar
½ teaspoon vanilla flavoring
1¾ cups sifted all-purpose flour
½ cup butter, at room temperature
1 egg white, slightly beaten
sparkling sugar*

Combine the hard-cooked and raw egg yolks and blend them to a smooth paste. Beat in the sugar and vanilla flavoring. Work in flour and cut in butter. Mix thoroughly; this is best done by hand. Chill for four hours. Set the oven at 350°F. Snip off small pieces of dough and roll them between hands into strips, each about six inches long and ½ inch thick. If the dough sticks, flour your hands. Shape the strips into rings, looping ends, and let the ends overlap a little. Brush each cookie with egg white and sprinkle with sugar. Bake on a greased and floured baking sheet for about eight to ten minutes. The cookies must not brown, but be pale gold in color.

Norwegian Peppernotter (Pepper Nuts)

(The fruit peel must be chopped fine, not ground, and the pepper added in.)

1/3 cup butter
2½ cups confectioners' sugar
4 eggs, beaten
3 tablespoons lemon juice
1 tablespoon grated lemon rind
¼ cup chopped candied orange peel
½ cup chopped candied lemon peel
½ cup chopped candied citron
4 cups sifted all-purpose flour
1 teaspoon ground cinnamon
1 teaspoon ground cloves
¾ teaspoon black pepper
1 teaspoon anise seed
1 teaspoon allspice
1 tablespoon ground cardamom
1 teaspoon baking soda
1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon almond flavoring

Cream the butter and add the confectioners' sugar. Beat in the eggs. Stir in the lemon juice, lemon rind and the orange, lemon and citron peels. Sift the flour with the remaining ingredients except the almond flavoring. Blend thoroughly. Shape the mixture into one-inch balls and place on greased and floured cookie sheets. Chill overnight. Set the oven at 350°F. Bake the peppernotter for about fifteen minutes or until browned. While still warm brush with lemon icing, made by stirring one to two tablespoons lemon juice into one cup sifted confectioners' sugar, stirring to spreading consistency. Note: The peppernuts should be shaped before chilling or the dough will be too stiff to handle.

*Sparkling sugar, not readily available in this country, can be made by crushing sugar cubes in a paper bag with a hammer or anything heavy.

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(Continued from page 1396)

and table given to him by his former associates at AMC. A glass case, known as the war chest, occupies one wall: an autographed football, a herd of ivory and alabaster elephants, a dozen keys to cities, a score of memorial gavels, an Indian totem and headdress, a fleet of model cars, a trophy from the NAACP. Romney is a clean-desk man. The office looked uncluttered but well-used.

Romney, Dopp kit in hand, was just leaving when I arrived. It was late in the afternoon, and he was headed for Detroit, eighty miles away. In the midst of his jampacked schedule, he invited me to come around the next morning for an hour's private talk.

No reporter could ask for a more cordial interview. Romney was reading a morning newspaper when I arrived (it was the last morning the *Free Press* published). He was loafing around in a soft green shirt and a stunning sports coat. The Governor hung up my wet overcoat and led the way to a book-lined library. My first comment happened to be an expression of regret that the *News* was out on strike and the *Free Press* likely to suspend. It was enough to set the flow in motion.

"Look," said Romney, "I'll tell you: "We've got to divide this collective bargaining power, or we're through. I've been watching this thing now for years. I was in England during the general strike of Ramsay MacDonald's day, and I never will forget it. Unless we even up the balance, we're headed down the same road as England economically."

The Governor talked at some length of a labor conference he had attended in Stockholm, where a British delegate had refused to accept a resolution endorsing competition. This was the great failing of Great Britain. Here in America we have a capitalistic economy, and what is its most distinctive characteristic? The fact that power is divided. That is the theory behind both labor laws and anti-trust laws, that no factor in the economy will be controlling, and the consumer will be in the driver's seat. We must restore the competitive principle under which labor and business cooperate to serve the consumer first. That was how AMC had been saved, "by recognizing that the ultimate power resides in the consumer."

Romney ranged rapidly over his years with Alcoa and AMC. He reviewed the basic concepts of automobile manufacturing. He spoke of the function of the competitive principle; it must function not only to kill off the stragglers, but also to produce a process of economic birth. The greatest threats to the country, he thought, are the concentration of power in government, and the concentration of power in labor.

The conversation continued in these veins for quite some time. His staff members were waiting to drill him on questions he might expect on "Face the Nation." Romney came out of his easy chair in one supple spring, and stood, feet apart, ready to return a couple of final serves.

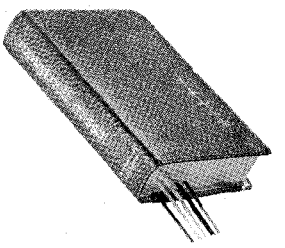
"Look," he said, "you won't find anyone who believes in basic American principles more than I do—political, social, and economic principles. I believe in preserving them. But preservation demands more than looking backward at what was. There must be practical applications to the problems of today."

I asked him where he stood on right-to-work laws. "I'm for the right to work, and I'm against compulsory unionism; but I'm realistic too. Not in Michigan. Right-to-work laws may be fine in some states but they're not workable in others."

How could he reconcile his defense of property rights with his advocacy of open housing laws at the state and federal levels? "Let me tell you why. Because we have ignored fundamentals set forth in the Declaration of Independence. The Creator has endowed us with the same rights, including the rights of equal opportunity, and we have prevented black people from enjoying them. And I'll tell you this: Just as sure as we're sitting here, we'll be facing guerrilla warfare in this country unless we get back to this fundamental belief. You know the one big thing I learned from my tour of the ghettoes? It's that the Negro people, most of them, are not asking primarily for material help. Their number-one want is for white people to stop treating them as inferiors."

Romney was visibly impatient. I said I wanted to ask him the same question I had asked Nixon a couple of months earlier: Why did he want to be President of the United States? He gave me the look of eagles:

"Because we have begun to see acceptance of irresponsibility as a way



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of life. There is a growing aimlessness and flabbiness in our American society. I don't believe these trends can be reversed simply by greater and greater governmental control over our lives, and I don't believe it can be done by anyone whose experience is exclusively in government. It takes broader experience. I have had such experience, in construction, in public service, in three major industries, in state and local government as well as federal. We need leadership. I think I can provide it."

The following morning, before a conference room jammed with visiting reporters and television men, Romney thrust out his jaw, pointed his finger, and announced his intention to run. It was, as I say, a good speech. He scarcely needed the teleprompters.

He is, I think, a basically good and decent man, strong-willed, sometimes overbearing; he is an organizer, a promoter, a man born to head a board of directors. He is Ike in a sports coat, but he lacks Ike's human touch. He is a strong man of principles, but he seizes upon his principles instinctively and not reflectively. He is a great one for Getting Things Done. He will meet the quota, top the goal, accept the commendatory plaque. As Scotty Reston has said, he is part Billy Graham and part Bob McNamara. He is the Aimee Semple McPherson of the Republican middle. And come all ye sinners.

For a nation wedded to the consumer economy, to planned obsolescence, and to the salesmanship of Alexander Botts, Romney's evangelical aggressiveness may hit the people right in their revival tents. A lesser man might have been drowned in the "brainwash" blunder. Not Romney. He is off and running, shaking every hand in sight, his blue eyes looking beyond New Hampshire to Miami. Don't count him out. Goldwater has said, "It's going to be very difficult for people who worked their hearts out for the Party to forget that this man took a powder in 1964," but Romney is a good persuader. If his pitch catches on, he might make it yet; and the country could anticipate the January day when all Texans leave the White House, and the Saints come marching in.

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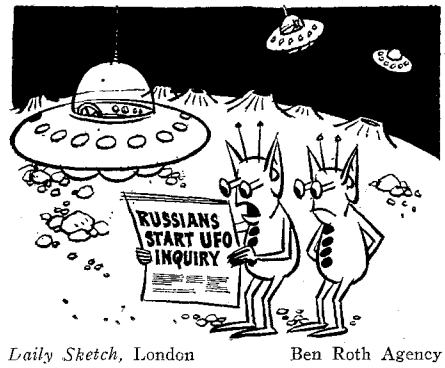
FOR THE RECORD

■ Flub-a-dub-dub: **Dump Johnson** Movement's supposedly super-secret meeting in Chicago (scheduled for early next month) blown by organizers who sent invites (confidential you understand) to over 200 of the faithful. Was to be masterminded by **Allard Loewenstein** (CCD—Committee of Concerned Democrats), **Joseph E. Rauh** (ADA) and **Zolton Ferency**, Michigan Democratic Party chief. Ferency has since resigned ("[If the 1968 Democratic National Convention] is wired for sound and the sound is 'Happy Birthday LBJ,' then I want out.") . . . Rauh, warning that "Pentagon rioting will look like a panty-waist pink tea party compared with what can develop unless [a substitute] candidate emerges," suggests as candidates: **Eugene McCarthy**, **Robert F. Kennedy** and dark horse, Sen. **George McGovern**. . . . *Look* Magazine's *Insider's Newsletter* says Dump Johnson frenzy has reached such proportions large segments of Democratic Party would like to see job done—even if it means **Ronald Reagan** as President.

■ Is **Richard Nixon** glad **Harold Stassen** has entered Wisconsin primary? Yes, say the pros. They figure Stassen and Eugene McCarthy, running as doves, will reduce danger that Democratic doves might cross over and vote for **George Romney** in all-important Republican primary. . . . Playing it cool: Sen. **Mark Hatfield** (R., Ore.) says he's not ready "at this time" to endorse George Romney's candidacy—that he finds both Romney and **Chuck Percy** "attractive." Hatfield's biography (he considers himself VP material) being ghosted by former *Herald Tribune* staffer (no, not the one who's doing Romney's campaign book). . . . Well-informed Washington columnist says **John Lindsay** broke gentlemen's agreement with **Nelson Rockefeller**, **Jacob Javits**, when he allowed one of his aides to make Rocky-for-Prexy sounds. The idea was for silence on that Eastern front, to let Romney occupy the hot seat until Rockefeller was prepared to make his move. . . . Now that Rockefeller-Reagan flyer is old hat, and Nixon emerging in polls as Republican favorite, the pros are making **Nixon-Percy** noises.

■ **Bertrand Russell** War Crimes Tribunal (second session) having its troubles. Tribunal members **Jean-Paul Sartre** and Yugoslav author **Vladimir Dedijer** not even bothering to attend; they sent substitutes to sit in. Russell's secretary **Ralph Schoenman** wasn't allowed in country (Denmark) or in four other countries for that matter. He went (between Tuesday and Thursday of last week) from Stockholm to Helsinki, to Copenhagen, to Amsterdam, to Dusseldorf (unscheduled: fog), back to Stockholm, to Copenhagen, to Amsterdam and New York—all at his own expense, escorted from flight to flight by relevant police. He was traveling without passport which Bolivan authorities, who had last jailed him, had thoughfully returned to State Department. . . . Did make the scene, a number of Americans: **Dave Dellinger**, editor of *Liberation*, journeyer to Hanoi, leader of National Conference for a New Politics; **Donald Duncan**, former special forces sergeant, now editor of *Ramparts*, and **Stokely Carmichael**, flying in from Tanzania. Carmichael stopped in Algiers long enough to praise **Che Guevara** ("His blood will nourish movements of liberation throughout the world") and to predict his own assassination upon his return to the United States.



Daily Sketch, London Ben Roth Agency

"Next they'll be saying THEY invented flying saucers."

■ Election tidbits: If LBJ has his druthers, Rep. **Joe Resnick** will get Democratic nomination to run against Jacob Javits in New York, not so much because of Resnick's ratings (ACA-0; ADA-94) but because Resnick is 100 per cent behind LBJ in Vietnam. . . . Decision of **John Connally** not to run again for governor of Texas has put new life in Texas GOP which considers Rep. **George Bush** (Prescott's son) good gubernatorial prospect now. . . . Republicans even hopeful that Rep. **Thomas Curtis** (ACA—84; ADA—11) can make good showing against Sen. **Edward Long** in Missouri. Curtis, who announced his interest a week ago, is not expected to run into any primary trouble with other Republican hopefuls.

■ About **de Gaulle**: Influential *Le Monde* commented on his latest performance: There had been a waning hope that the President, with advancing age, would lose his taste for excess. The opposite, unfortunately, is true. . . . Final accounting of cost to U.S. of NATO move from France to Belgium $1 billion—$850 million in facilities lost to France, over $100 million in relocation costs.

■ Advertised in Washington, D.C. delicatessen: the **Nasser Special** Sandwich —half tongue, half chicken.

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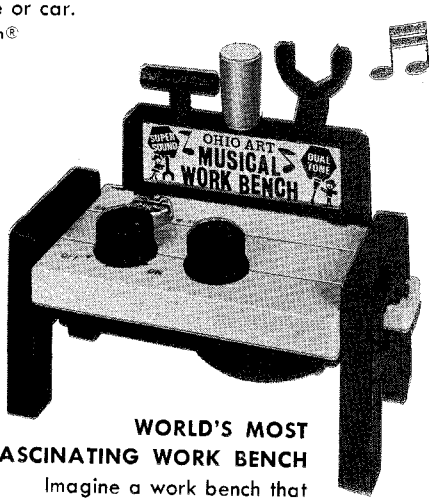

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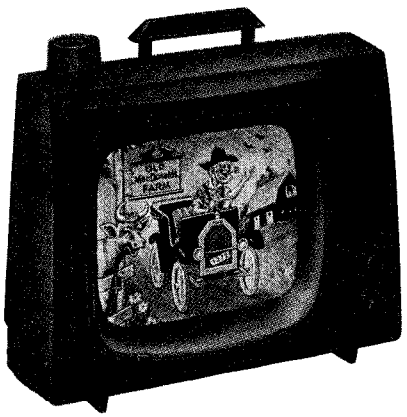

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